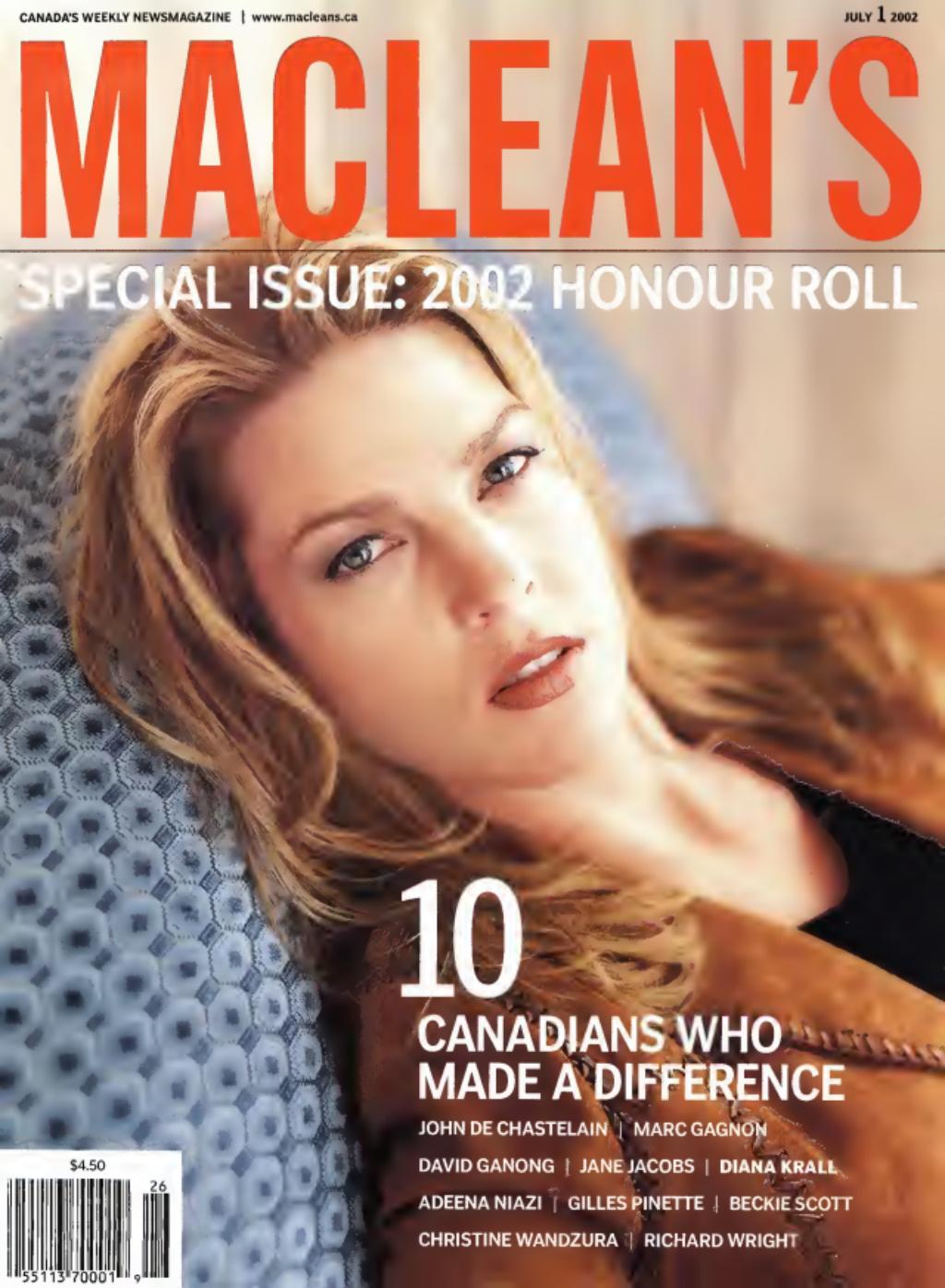


MACLEAN'S

SPECIAL ISSUE: 2002 HONOUR ROLL



10

CANADIANS WHO MADE A DIFFERENCE

JOHN DE CHASTELAIN | MARC GAGNON

DAVID GANONG | JANE JACOBS | DIANA KRALL

ADEENA NIAZI | GILLES PINETTE | BECKIE SCOTT

CHRISTINE WANDZURA | RICHARD WRIGHT

\$4.50

26



55113 70001 9



2|5|6|1|6|0|0|3

You'll be pleased to know that your new PT Cruiser already has over 2.5 million km on it.

Before the first PT Cruiser made it to a Chrysler dealership, it went through the most extensive testing we've ever done: 2.5 million kilometres worth.

And those weren't 2.5 million easy kilometres. It was hard driving on some of the toughest roads in North America, from scorching heat at sea level to the brutal cold at mountain elevations.

And when it was over, and the first PT Cruisers rolled off the line, we didn't just put them on a car transport and ship them to Detroit. We drove them there.

Of course, there's still some debate as to whether that qualified as testing or just fun.

PT Cruiser • Sebring • Cirrus • Intrepid • 300M • Concorde • Town & Country / www.chrysler.ca



This is my car.



A 'RENOVATION', BY DESIGN

In preparing for the future, Maclean's looked to its past of constant evolution

FIRST, THE OBVIOUS: this week's issue of Maclean's has a different look and feel. The changes seen with the cover logo—a stylized tribute to the Maclean's logo of the early 1960s—and extend through to features including an expanded table of contents, a new op-ed page, new design, and some new editorial offerings.

Despite that, we don't think of this as a "new" Maclean's—but rather, to use a word familiar to any homeowner, it's a renovation. That is, in preserving the history, character and strongest elements, and in introducing a few to meet new needs, and to make the structure more accessible/lasting for use. Maclean's has often done that since its 1915 inception, as you can see by the collection of past covers we display on pages 6-7. We've previously been a bussiness and general interest magazine—one that at times raised its own—and, since becoming a weekly newsmagazine, we continue to evolve.

One such voice is our new Contributing Editor, Calgary-based author Will Ferguson. His column entitled *Will Ferguson's Canada* begins this week. Will, who has travelled the length and breadth of the country, is the author of nine books, and winner of this year's Lescop award for humour for his book *Happiness 230*. He'll profile different areas in different parts of Canada—in a way that's both amusing and informative.

Overall, our focus remains Canada—as evidenced this week in our annual Honour Roll, overseen by Executive Editor Michael Benedict. We continue to examine the world through Canadian eyes—such as this week's combination essay/essay on Afghanistan. As to the referendum, the process never really ends: there's always more gathering to be done. You tell us what you like, and what you think they're doing better, and we'll keep working at it. To the meantime, Happy Canada Day.

In addition to traditionally reported stories, the model of the magazine now offers features that allow newsmakers and others to speak, unfiltered, through essays, question and answer sessions, and our new *HiPoint* page, which combines photography and first-person narrative. At times, it's useful for journalists to offer

informed analysis—but sometimes, it's important to step back, and let readers draw conclusions based directly on the words of the people making news.

The redesign overseen by Art Director Diane Braggan and Associate Art Director Gary Hallais highlights changes that have already taken place within Maclean's over the last year or so: essays, photo essays and Q-and-A's, for example, have been part of our mix for some time, although we're increasing their frequency. Our goal in opening our pages to different people isn't a uniformity of opinion, but rather a uniform excellence in those we feature.

One such voice is our new Contributing Editor, Calgary-based author Will Ferguson. His column entitled *Will Ferguson's Canada* begins this week. Will, who has travelled the length and breadth of the country, is the author of nine books, and winner of this year's Lescop award for humour for his book *Happiness 230*. He'll profile different areas in different parts of Canada—in a way that's both amusing and informative.

Overall, our focus remains Canada—as evidenced this week in our annual Honour Roll, overseen by Executive Editor Michael Benedict. We continue to examine the world through Canadian eyes—such as this week's combination essay/essay on Afghanistan. As to the referendum, the process never really ends: there's always more gathering to be done. You tell us what you like, and what you think they're doing better, and we'll keep working at it. To the meantime, Happy Canada Day.

In addition to traditionally reported stories, the model of the magazine now offers features that allow newsmakers and others to speak, unfiltered, through essays, question and answer sessions, and our new *HiPoint* page, which combines photography and first-person narrative. At times, it's useful for journalists to offer

MACLEAN'S

MACLEAN'S MONTHLY

Editor

Anthony Wilson-Smith

Executive Editor

Michael Benedict

Production Editor

Dawn A. Hart

Editor in Chief

Anthony Wilson-Smith

Assistant Managing Editors

Barb L'Esperance

Section Editors

Sarah L. Johnson

Photo Editor

Sarah L. Johnson

Design Editor

Sarah L. Johnson

Art Director

Sarah L. Johnson

Associate Art Director

By Anthony Wilson-Smith
Editor, *Maclean's*

Editorial

A COVER STORY

Maclean's updated look draws from its history

WHETHER THROUGH a cover by a member of the Group of Seven (J.E.H. MacDonald in 1917) or the work of Franklin Ashe, who so excelled at capturing the look and soul of Canada in the '40s and '50s, Maclean's has often, since its 1905 founding, had occasion to showcase some of the finest work of Canadian visual artists.

Maclean's design hit new heights in 1962 with Allan Fleming's appointment as art director. A graphic artist and typog-rapher, Fleming is held in high regard for his advertising and corporate design work, such as the CN logo and its use. As Maclean's guiding visual presence, he brought new rigor to the use of type and layout. As Robert Fulford wrote, Fleming "was a large talent with a passion for small details."

The magazine's new design pays homage to Fleming's work, while looking ahead to world in which Canadian artists have a lead role on the global stage. Separate commissions include renowned California-based photographer Deborah Sussman, Barry Blitt, the diarist whose work appears regularly in *The New Yorker*, and illustrator Slim MacDonald, whose work can be seen in *The New York Times Magazine*, *Rolling Stone* and *Newsweek*.

In seeking new ways to serve readers, we renovated the most ubiquitous element of any magazine—type. The new typeface, the first created specifically for a Canadian magazine, was designed by typographer Rod McDonald. Known as *Maclean's* Font, it maximizes the strong horizontal flow of type to make it easy to read. As Applied Arts magazine recently noted, "its right fit and strong weight are ideally suited for today's magazine." We think Allan Fleming would approve. ■





Imagine if the only person you
had to answer to
was you.



There will come a day when you'll want to forge ahead in a new direction. You'll have the urge to go out on your own. To make your own decisions. To build your own empire. Regardless of when you launch this venture, now is the perfect time to start making it happen. Whether you're 25, 45 or older, at Freedom 55 Financial you can start planning for the day your dreams become reality. From risk management to wealth accumulation and wealth distribution, our extensive team of financial security advisors has the expertise and tools to help develop a plan that's right for you. So wherever you're working, you'll be the one calling the shots. For further details, please call us at 1-877-566-5433, or visit our Web site at www.freedom55financial.com



THE FREEDOM TO CHOOSE.™ THE POWER TO GET THERE.™



Freedom 55
Financial

A division of Lincoln Life Insurance Company

Freedom 55 Financial and Image are trademarks of Lincoln Life Insurance Company.

GOING FOR THE GOLD

To honour the outstanding accomplishments of all Canadian Winter Olympic athletes, the Royal Canadian Mint, Canadian Post and Maclean's have proudly joined to create a special commemorative volume.



This limited hand-crafted memento contains:
• a unique micro-etched 2002 22-karat gold-plated Loon Dollar featuring a special mark representing the good luck coin buried at ocean ice
• a block of four commemorative stamps featuring four Olympic events
• a set of two special Olympic editions of *Maclean's* magazine in English and in French
• each edition is numbered with a certificate of authenticity, only 25,000 produced

\$54.95

Available at participating Post Offices
or call 1-800-565-1362

ACT NOW TO RESERVE YOUR
LIMITED-EDITION COPIE



MACLEAN'S BEHINDTHESCENES



REINVENTING MACLEAN'S

The editorial pedigree of *Maclean's* is well-known. From Stephen Leacock to Margaret Atwood, from Ralph Allen to Peter G. Newman, Canada's most celebrated writers and editors have contributed to this magazine.

Equally distinguished, if less familiar, is *Maclean's* visual arts heritage which goes from the Group of Seven to Alex Colville. Our long line of outstanding art directors includes some of Canada's top graphic artists, the latest of whom is Deanna Braggins, pictured above.

Braggins, who joined *Maclean's* last summer, was previously the art director of *Canadian Business*, where she was several National Magazine Awards. While she was there, *Canadian Business* was twice honored as Magazine of the Year in its circulation category by the Canadian Society of Magazine Editors.

Braggins was inspired by *Maclean's* visual arts heritage as she guided our "renovation" during the last year.

"We surveyed the past and discovered 10 distinct approaches to its brand/logo over the years," she says. "We were especially struck by the 1960s, which was a defining period for Canada and *Maclean's*."

Admired by their audiences of that era, Braggins and her team created what she calls a "feminist, yet contemporary" design. It is distinguished by a bolder look and a more levitating layout.

Together with our new, authoritative logo, these features give *Maclean's* the clean, distinctive voice it needs to continue telling Canada's stories to Canadians.

For further information, contact www.macleans.ca/behindthescenes

© 2002
December 9, 2002

With Elastoplast® you can focus on the action, not your bandage.

NEW Elastoplast® fabric bandages are made from a light, flexible material that stretches with every movement. And their unique adhesive means they'll stick, providing comfort and confidence so you can stay active.

Elastoplast
Fabric
40 square centimetres

www.elastoplast.ca

Elastoplast: We help to heal.

"Given that patients are in jeopardy, I think an apt name for your article "Measuring health care" would be "Falling through the cracks." " —SUSAN HORNIG, LUTHER SHROPSHIRE, N.S.

Indicators of health

Like many Canadians, those of us working in health care are very interested in how the system is doing and how we can help make it better. The Maclean's annual health rankings ("Measuring health care," Cover, June 17) provide an important contribution in that regard. To be sure, any particular set of measures for something as complex as health is likely to be incomplete and imperfect. We should not, however, wait for the perfect set of indicators before either reporting or acting. The potential for learning from best practices and successes elsewhere in the country is enormous—and our ability to improve is strengthened through measurement. As broader and additional indicators are used in future rankings, we'll gain an even clearer picture of what's going well, and where. We'll also develop mitigation in the areas that need more attention or resources. And then we must respond and enhance the overall health system. Given its importance to this nation, and the growing health burden across the country, Canadians deserve no less.

Shigeki Nishio, President and CEO
Region Health District, Quebec

Just what year was your health report inside? It must be hell's own since "The Hader" (Premier Gordon Campbell, and his Social Crediters who call themselves Liberals, took office in British Columbia in today's local paper, the headline reads: "Health can be the weakest election platform, but to lose an Liberals' latest round of proposed cuts?" Does this indicate a No. 1 health system? Come on back and do an update, and are the Fraser Institute and the Fraser Society measuring that province?

Frank McMurtry, Vernon, B.C.

I commend you on your annual effort to inform Canadians of the quality of health care delivery to various regions of the country, but I must say that I'm dis-

appointed that you don't have national data on psychiatric issues such as depression, anxiety, schizophrenia, addictions, dementia and developmental disorders. Over 40 per cent of all visits to general practitioners are for a psychiatric illness, and emergency rooms are often crowded with a disproportionate number of patients with a mental illness and now here to turn.

Dr. Steve McMillan, Vernon

Inspirational

Amazing. I went downtown this afternoon to grab a track from the conference in my office building. A parent of a teenager on the cover of Maclean's in the magazine rack caught my attention, and at first I didn't know why ("Wendy's story," Cover, June 16). I read the caption on the cover and that's when I put two and two together. Several years ago in Calgary, I was one of a few interviewers who had the pleasure of working with Wendy Madewson. Our goal was to improve her reading, spelling and reading comprehension. I remember two things most about Wendy: her smile and her perseverance. Maintaining a positive demeanor and not giving up—now, if

OUR ANNUAL RANKING OF HEALTH-CARE SERVICES STRUCK A CHORD WITH READERS WHO SEE STANDARDS IN DECLINE.

"What we have now is a two-tiered system which focuses: image control," writes John Zelach of Prince George, B.C., the main community of the vast rural region that ranked at the bottom of the list. Other British Columbians wanted to know why their regions ranked so well. "It will be interesting," says Dr. Wilson Ashford of Nelson, "to see where B.C. will stand when Maclean's does the next survey."

only all of us could answer these questions. And, given the circumstances, wow, what a triumph!

Warren Anderton, Coquitlam

Politics Liberal-style

In these days of uncertainty and despair, I find myself in need of a good laugh. Thanks to our national embarrassment, (some call him Prime Minister), I finally have one ("Losing his grip?" Cover, June 16). Jean Chrétien, of all people, has new rules on ministerial ethics. What does he think will change when he puts up yet another smile/screamer to try to fool the public and deflect blame and guilt from him and his party?

Pauline Marple, Moose Jaw, Sask.

The West teased the Tories when they squandered their prime plus and pretensions, and created a new party with all the trials and tribulations that process has entailed. In my view, the Liberals made the Tories look like amateurs when it comes to park bombing and betrayal of public trust. Down the fair have the courage to start a new centre-left party and end the Liberals as they so sorely deserve!

Keith Alexander, Port Clements, B.C.

As a grassroots Liberal party member, I am all too aware of the rise of the party as a result of the Paul Martin organization. Liberal Headquarters are welcome places for a social fire, access to membership forms is severely restricted and Canadian Alliance-style backstabbing has become commonplace. A party that has historically prided itself on its inclusivity and diversity has become a rare shadow of its former self.

Jonathan Hsu, Vancouver

Korean clarifications

Most of the Canadians who served in Korea ("Blitz of northern warrens," Television, June 16) were not Second World War veterans (although many were). The Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry was not denied the right to wear medals they had been awarded until 1991, as stated. You may find that with the fact that members of the 2nd Battalion (PPCLI), which was awarded a U.S. Distinguished Unit Citation follow-



> Introducing the new AA.com

Log on to the new AA.com and you'll know how to travel in a whole new way. You'll know that the My Account feature allows you to personalize information and store travel preferences to speed booking. You'll know how to manage your AAAdvantage® account and receive Net AAAdvantage Alerts to as many as 30 of your favorite cities. You'll know that Flight Status Notification delivers the latest gate and flight time updates to your cell phone, pager, PDA or e-mail. And you'll know you can earn and earn AAAdvantage miles online for everything from booking flights to purchasing upgrades. But there's a lot more you'll know. Go add to your knowledge bank by simply logging on to the new AA.com today. **AmericanAirlines**

The new **AA.com** Now you know.

If you think Chicago is cool. Wait till you hear the soundtrack.



Opera at the airport. Blues in parks. This summer, there's Music Everywhere in Chicago. It's a 4-month, city-wide celebration, including live street performers and dozens of free events like the world-famous Chicago Blues Fest and Chicago Jazz Festival. Not to mention countless neighborhood festivals. And it's all right at your doorstep — set against the backdrop of one of the world's most energetic, eclectic cities. For information on discounts and available package deals, call 877-CHICAGO or visit www.877chicago.com/ca.

Music Everywhere. In Chicago. May 30-Sept 29.
[WWW.877CHICAGO.COM/CA](http://www.877chicago.com/ca)

ILLINOIS
RIGHT HERE. RIGHT NOW.

©2009 Illinois Department of Commerce and Community Affairs, Blenko Travel Office TTY: 1-800-458-5478

THE WEEK



Politics | Quebec by-elections create one big winner—and two big losers

There were two big losers. Parti Québécois Premier Bernard Landry and Liberal Leader Jean Charest. And one winner who almost took it: Mario Dumont, head of the Action Démocratique du Québec. In four by-elections held on June 17, Dumont's party won three, getting a whopping 45.4 per cent of all votes cast. In one of those elections, Bertrand, the ADQ defeated PQ culture minister David Levine. And even in the fourth—the sovereign stronghold of Laval-le-Jeune—the ADQ lost narrowly as the PQ saw its support there drop to 40.5 per cent from more than 70 in the 1998 election. "People of all generations banded together for real change,"

said Dumont, 32, whose party now holds five seats in the National Assembly. "That is what the ADQ will stand."

For Landry and Charest, the vote cast doubt on three political figures. Last week, Landry, 65, put a brave face on the results. "Québécois want us to do more and better," he said. "The government will get back to work with resilience after the summer break." Charest, 46, offered similar words, saying the Liberals have to improve. "It's a message that we've heard loud and clear." Both are likely to face internal dissent within their parties—if they fail to follow such dictum with concrete action.

Quebec (above)
With the other riding winner Mario Dumont, Landry



Politics
Alberta's new premier, Alison Redford, says sorry to the province's First Nations. Alberta says sorry to almost everyone but the First Nations of getting back to its roots.

Scorecard
▲ Roger Helmer: Newcomers like Helmer sound the death knell for their premier's bid to get the Vickroy's Bay project on track. Who knows, maybe that pipeline will never be built on the back of the stick?

▼ Michael Landsberg: He may qualify as a political unknown, but his cabinet has let them down. Quebec's summer is hanging by a thread, but talk of a funding bonanza will replace heat at the ballot box.

■ Eric Bélanger: The left, those shifty, avaricious, packaged Canadian politicians (from Ontario's Jim Flaherty's perspective)? Yet by dismantling his cabinet and bashing health spending, Bélanger has never been more popular. Sure, that's because he's savvy and frank.

▲ Gary Doer: Banning corporate election political donations, Doer sets the Manitoba premier apart as a political do-gooder. Sure, by taking the last NDP premier, he's left the party with

▲ Robach Kitchie:

Alberta's new premier, Alison Redford, says sorry to the province's First Nations. Alberta says sorry to almost everyone but the First Nations of getting back to its roots.

Politics
Alberta's new B.C. politician says Aboriginal treaties referendum looks taught off. His running home chores disastrous, it's not possible to make people nostalgic for times gone by.

"At the Citizen, we will try to demonstrate that CanWest is serious about its promises of independent news coverage."

Russell Mills, with correction address at Carleton University the day before CanWest Global files him as the Ottawa Citizen's publisher

Photo courtesy of www.canwest.com/citizen (www.canwest.com/citizen)

MAUDIE S. | JULY 1, 2009

Up in smoke

In a dramatic break with his co-acting predecessor Mike Harris, Ontario Premier Ernie Eves raised taxes on cigarettes in his first budget while deferring tax reductions. To help finance the \$65-billion budget, Ontario will have to pay an extra \$3 a pack, which along with a \$4 federal tax hike will bring the price to \$30. The government is also putting off promised tax cuts for one year, due to the economic slowdown that followed the Sept. 11 terror attacks. Eves also promised \$2.2 billion in increased spending on health care, education and ensuring safe drinking water.

Liberal Leader Dalton McGuinty said the budget amounts to political opportunism. "Mr. Eves is prepared to say absolutely anything to hang on to power," he said.

Taking on Saddam

George W. Bush ordered the CIA to conduct a wide campaign of covert actions against Iraq, including using lethal force to capture dictator Saddam Hussein. "It is not a silver bullet," said a senior CIA official when the President's secret orders were revealed by the Washington Post. "But what we are high and we could get lucky." As part of the plan, over the coming months the CIA

will likely offer Iraqi opposition groups money and weapons. The agency is also expected to deploy U.S. special forces teams, similar to those that have been successfully used in Afghanistan, against Hussein.

Victory at the right

French Prime Minister Jean-Pierre Raffarin named a new 27-member cabinet after the right gained full control of the country's National Assembly in voting held on June 9 and June 16. The vote was a victory for President Jacques Chirac (below), whose Union for the Presidential Majority—a coalition of rightist parties—captured 399 of 577 seats. Leftist parties had previously held 118 seats but were reduced to 178. Another big winner was Jean-Marie Le Pen, who rallied a national crowd when he placed second in the first round of voting in the presidential election on April 21. Le Pen, beaten soundly by Chirac in the second-round vote on May 5, saw his far-right National Front win no seats at all in the legislature.

Singing for Canada

During Canada Day festivities on Parliament Hill, 16-year-old Neil Wadhwa of Toronto will step up to the microphone to sing the national anthem. The young star already has loads of experience, having performed in public more than 100 times. Among his appearances: singing both O Canada and the American anthem at a Toronto Raptors game in April. 2001. Wadhwa, whose parents come to Canada from India, often focuses his singing of the anthem by emphasizing the country's motto of tolerance and saying, "In Canada not only do we respect each other's differences, but we celebrate them together too."

Courtroom crunch

Two of the most complex and high-profile criminal trials in B.C. history are proving to be a logistical and economic challenge for the province. As a time when the cash-strapped government is closing 24 courthouses, work is almost complete on a \$22-million high-security courtroom for the three men charged in the 1985 beat-



Airlines | Who's who in the summertime skies

The summer air wars are heating up. Even though Air Canada controls about 80 per cent of the country's passenger traffic, other alternatives are taking to the skies—including some owned by Air Canada. The national carrier now runs Vango, a national discount airline, Zip, a Western one-day to take off this summer (no schedule is yet), and Jazz, its renamed collection of regional airlines. Recently, the country's most successful airline (it's actually profitable), Calgary-based discount carrier WestJet, began flying a limited schedule into the heart of the Air Canada heart, Toronto Pearson airport. In mid-June, yet another east-national discount airline, Jetair, started service; it's owned by Michael Ureman, formerly chief of Canadian West Airlines. And recently acquired name from the recent past, Halifax-based CanJet, has reappeared to fly Eastern Canada, owned by the same guys who owned it before, AM Group. WestJet and CanJet were bought by ill-fated CanWest, which declared file due to overexpansion and the terrorism-related passenger drop-off.

Costa Rica? So were we. So we put together this list of options for Canadians flying domestically. It includes 11 major scheduled airlines (one charted). In reverse as the summer begins, and compares the range of prices economy round trip direct, including taxes and fees on an



Abilities & HQ Destinations Sample price (flight/ticket) Amenities

All Canada	Just about everywhere: more than 150 cities and towns	WestJet—Economy: \$146-\$214 \$146 Trans-Canada—Economy: \$140-\$174 \$165 WestJet—Business: \$602-\$812 \$165	Full-service airline, includes long haul routes, international baggage, meals, etc., and maximum checked
------------	---	--	--

Smart	Western Ontario, Montreal, Quebec, St. John's, Ottawa	WestJet—Economy: \$146-\$187 \$185 Trans-Canada—Economy: \$140-\$174 \$165	Similar to WestJet, includes long haul routes, international baggage, meals, etc., and maximum checked
-------	---	---	--

WestJet	30 cities (mostly Canada in the U.S.)	WestJet—Economy: \$146-\$177 \$175 Trans-Canada—Economy: \$140-\$174 \$165	Includes all meals, includes baggage transfers, business class, etc., and limited checked
---------	---------------------------------------	---	---

WestJet	Vancouver, Whistler, Kelowna, Victoria, Vancouver Island	WestJet—Economy: \$146-\$187 \$185 Trans-Canada—Economy: \$140-\$174 \$165	Includes meals, etc., and maximum checked
---------	--	---	---

WestJet	33 cities (mostly Western Canada)	WestJet—Economy: \$146-\$187 \$185 WestJet Business: \$211-\$241 \$185	Includes all meals, etc., and maximum checked
---------	-----------------------------------	---	---

Source: WestJet, Trans-Canada, Air Canada, Air Transat

WIMBLEDON IS PLAYING TO WIN.



© business is the game. Play to win.

Winning on the Web: A tennis tournament wins or loses on the loyalty of the fans. At Wimbledon that means delivering the whole Grand Slam experience online (lights, sounds, scores) within seconds of play – everything but the smell of grass. Fans can follow the fortnight-long tournament in real time via the official Web site. In e-business, winning means delivering a tremendous overall experience no matter where you are. wimbledon.org is designed, built and hosted by IBM (the #1 Web-hosting company). Get in the game at ibm.com/e-business.

IBM products used in this industry. IBM and its partners, IBM and its partners, are either registered trademarks or trademarks of International Business Machines Corporation in the United States and/or other countries. Other company products and services may be trademarks of their respective companies.



Environment | P.E.I. tightening the cinch on its waste

CANADA'S smallest province is setting its sights on becoming the country's cleanest. By next year, Prince Edward Island residents will have put the finishing touches on a plan that will see a tough waste reduction and recycling program extended to all of the province's 55,000 households and its more than 5,000 businesses. The Waste Watch program has been running as a pilot project for seven years, with considerable success: fully 95 per cent of the garbage that would have traditionally gone into landfills has been recycled or composted.

Now, says Steve Myers, CEO of the Island Waste Management Corporation, every home, cottage and business on P.E.I. will be required

by law to participate in the program, probably by November. That would make P.E.I. — already unique in Canada because of its law banning the sale of canned pop and beer — the only province with such legislation. The next step, says Myers, will be to shut down the province's 14 small community landfills sites, many of which were built before meaningful environmental regulations were in place. In larger, modern landfills now in operation, "Despite having Canada's smallest population, we're the most densely populated province," he says. "We don't have any supply of wilderness or empty land where you could put even a properly built and lined landfill 15% going to be in somebody's backyard."

than 50 women who have disappeared from the area since 1983.

Horror in Grimsby

Questions continued to be raised in the wake of a murder-suicide in Grimsby, Ont., that claimed five lives. Challenging them, however, did Peter Ross of Mississauga, who, a man with a history of violence and under a restraining order, made it into Canada with a 45-cylinder pistol. On June 14, Ross killed his estranged former friend, Shannon Cruse, her two-year-old daughter, Shanya, and Cruse's parents, Mary Edens and Donald, before turning the gun on himself.

Passages

OBITUARY Ottawa Citizen publisher Russell Mills was fired over an editorial that called for the resignation of Jean Chretien, blaming the PM for the government's conflict of interest problems. Mills, 57, did not submit the editorial for approval to the paper's owners, CanWest Global Communications Corp. — which is controlled by the Asper family, who are vocal Chretien supporters. Opposition MPs asked whether the PM played a role in the firing. Chretien denies any involve- ment. Mills, a St. Thomas, Ont., native, joined the Citizen as a copy editor in 1971 and had been publisher since 1986. Gordon Rother, CanWest's president of news and information, will take over as interim publisher.

ANNOUNCEMENT Shalagh Rogers, the popular host of CBC Radio One's *21st Morning*, will host the network's new weekday morning show that debuts Oct. 14. The still unnamed 10 a.m.-to-noon broadcast will focus on arts, culture and lifestyle. Prior to the announcement, the proposed overhaul of the station's programming had generated questions about Rogers' future role with CBC.

OPEN Tiger Woods, 26, took the U.S. Open in comfortable fashion, leading the tournament for the last 67 holes. It's conceivable that Woods, who won the Masters in April, could achieve an unprecedented grand slam this year — he must win the British Open in July and the PGA Championship in August.

SCAM In 2001, an inquiry report by retired Supreme Court Justice Peter Cory found that Ottawa, Manitoba and Winnipeg should pay Thomas Sophanase — who spent 45 months in jail before being cleared of the 1983 killing of Barbara Steppel — \$3.6 million in compensation. The federal government has paid its share and now Sophanase, 49, is suing Manitoba for the remaining \$2.8 million. The provincial government is fighting with Winnipeg and its insurance company over who should pay what.

Introducing
Advil Extra Strength.
Seriously tough.



2002 JOHN DE CHASTELAIN MARC GAGNON DIANA KRALL CHRISTINE WANDZURA **HONOUR DAVID GANONG** GILLES PINETTE BECKIE SCOTT ADEENA NIAZI JANE JACOBS **ROLL RICHARD WRIGHT**

TEN CANADIANS WHO MADE A DIFFERENCE

ON BECKIE SCOTT DAY in Vermilion, Alta., two months after the Winter Olympics, it was standing room only in the town's 2,500-seat hockey arena. There were nearly 4,500 people in the community where Scott first learned to ski, and many turned out for the April 13 parade and the all-day festivities. "I never imagined I would see something like that for repeat," said Scott, Canadian first-ever Nordic ski medallist. "I was really very moved."

Scott's Olympic medal and courage in facing down the losses of a sport rocked by doping scandals won her a spot on this year's *Maclean's* Honour Roll. This is the 17th annual Honour Roll, celebrating significant achievements by Canadians. Scott is joined on the 2002 list by a fellow Olympian, Montreal short-track speed skater Marc Gagnon, who won two golds and a bronze at Salt Lake City '02, typically for Honour Roll members, share a grittiness determination and a modesty about their successes.

But none more so than Calgary's Christine Wandzura, whose personal tragedy more than a decade ago raised her into a leading fighter against cancer. A flight of another sort, John de Chastelain, a critical player from Ottawa in the attempt to bring stability to Northern Ireland. On the other side of the world, Canadian Adeena Niazi risked her life to improve the lot

of Afghan women, a struggle the continues around the clock from her Toronto office.

David Ganong is remarkable for his strident refusal to relocate his out-of-the-way New Brunswick candlestick business. Turning down riches from multinational visitors, Ganong remains dedicated to supporting the community he was born in. A sense of community also motivates urban guru Jane Jacobs, and active in derivatives Toronto at age 86, Winnipeg's Dr. Gillis Plaister combines a loyalty to both his community and heritage as a pioneer in Aboriginal medicine.

Diana Krall is known internationally as a pianist, but the Narrows, B.C., native who quietly raises money to assist those suffering from a rare form of bone cancer that claimed her mother a few weeks ago.

Top performers and medalists exist outside sports, too. Take St. Catharines, Ont., novelist Richard Wright, whose *Cloud Calf* has won three literary golds in the past seven months, an unprecedented achievement.

With this issue, the Honour Roll becomes a feature of the *Maclean's* July 1 special Canada Day issue, a fitting home for Canadian who made a difference.

MICHAEL ROBERTS

DIANA KRALL

"YOU HAVE TO MEET MY MOTHER," Diana Krall sang on a March night in Vancouver. This proves a challenge. Adella Krall, 69, is dead in a crowd of black suit and evening dresses in a hotel lounge room. Diana, with a daughter's matron and the devotion of a latter-day poet, holds lock to tongue. But between mom and child, dozens of guests want a word with the smiling honey blond who happens to be one of the best-selling female artists in the history of jazz.

The evening, she is at *25 Wishes*, elegantly elegant as a Gershwin tune from *The Last of Love*. Her sixth CD, a sultry selection of ballads and boozie novelties, is approaching three million sales. At 35, the Naomie, B-G-bora Krall is a stunning blend of serious musicianship and R&B celebrity—a tough balance even without her trademark stiletto-heels. Her mother's proudly odd starring role in *Adella*, for what proves to be one of her last public appearances before the dead in May 26.

Diana had fretted over Adella's fragile health, but her mother, while fatigued, was in high spirits. This was the Kralls' fourth annual fundraise for the Leukemia/Zone Marrow Transplantation Program at Vancouver General Hospital—a labour of love for Diana and her older, younger sister Michelle, for father Jim, a music-loving aeronaut, and especially for Adella, diagnosed in year earlier with multiple myeloma, a generally incurable bone marrow cancer. "It was important to her," her daughter says of the evening she didn't see herself in a battle with cancer, Krall adds. Rather, she noted the years since her diagnosis as a gift, the result of good medical care and advances in research.

Adella, over the telephone, described her often-distant instrument for myeloma as though it were a learning exercise. "I came home," she said her right audience, "enriched and thankful." Then it is Diana's turn on stage, finding solace and expression in her black Steeple. The benefits have raised almost \$500,000, the grand total this year on such auction items as a pick suit donated by her friend, Sir Elton John, and a Steinberg convertible featured in ads Krall does for Diorler Chysler. The event will continue in Adella's memory. "We are so thankful for the six years," says Krall. "We want other families to have more time."

Krall has homes in Vancouver and Manhattan, a relationship with New York screenwriter John-Paul Bernadi, and a crushing two-schedule. Her two-decade climb from piano bar anonymity to concert headliner began with the childhood gift of a piano-filled household. The rest of it, though, the worldly piano, the single red violin, the storyteller's gift—is the product of serious study, a U.S. music scholarship and mentors from the world of classical jazz.

She draws, too, on the oft-times lonely lessons of the road. "I feel very deeply about life," she says. "I wish I didn't sometimes." Krall recalls a bleak day in Vienna this February, since at the piano of her hotel room, rehearsing for her forthcoming Christmas album. She was playing *O Holy Night*, the memories of family singalongs and Christmases past so vivid, the best into tears. Krall laughs now at her bout of homesickness. Emotionalism, she says, is a Krall family trait; it makes for beautiful music.

KIRK MACQUEEN

"We are so thankful for the six years. We want other families to have more time."



JOHN DE CHASTELAIN

SEARED BY HIS FIREPLACE at home in Ottawa's upscale Rockcliffe Park, Gen. John de Chastelain doesn't look like a man with a pressure cooker job. Above him hangs one of his own still lifes, a copper pig and fruit, well painted enough to suggest the retired soldier has plenty of time to indulge hobbies. He talks about raising oils, tying fishing flies and playing bridge. But de Chastelain, 64, is no man of leisure. The former top officer in the Canadian Forces is home for just a few weeks from overseeing the decommissioning of arms in Northern Ireland—an sensitive a role as there is in the drawn-out efforts to put the "troubles" to rest.

If he feels burdened by a historic responsibility, it is not apparent. De Chastelain has proven he has the patience demanded by the painstaking work of peace. As a fast-rising young officer, he commanded Canadian troops in blue berets parcelling divided Cyprus in 1968. At the peak of his career, just after being named chief of defense staff in 1989, he oversaw the tense two-month stand-off between soldiers and Mahatma at Oka, Que.—a confrontation he names was resolved without the shedding of blood.

De Chastelain's peace halo of thought is expressed in a crisp manner of speech that hints at his partial British upbringing. He was born in Kenya to middle-class parents—his father a Scottish petroleum engineer and mother an American educated in Switzerland and France—who became Allied spies during the Second World War. Afterwards, his father went to Calgary in the emerging oil patch, but young John

followed his family only after finishing up at an old Edinburgh boys' school. He was entered Keigwin, Ont.'s Royal Military College, abandoning thoughts of becoming a professional wrist like an uncle in England.

He graduated from RMC in 1960 with no plan for a long army career. But by the end of the mandatory three-year hitch to pay for his education, change had changed. The Cuban Missile Crisis made military life urgently exciting. "The expectation was that war would probably come again in Europe," he recalls. He married in 1961, and went on with his wife, Marylyn, to raise a son and daughter in the peripatetic way of army families—moving 22 times in four decades.

But nothing de Chastelain did, in war or peace, made the challenges he took on when he arrived from the Forces in 1988 and assumed a key role in the end to end Northern Ireland's cycle of violence. As head of the Independent Commission on Decommissioning, he's responsible for persuading paramilitaries to put their weapons "beyond use." The Irish Republican Army allows de Chastelain to witness "decommissioning expert." Exactly what happens is not revealed; his word, without details, is the only verification. His nearly seven years embroiled in the Irish question are longer than he expected. Whether his characteristic patience will ultimately pay off remains uncertain. But if today's peace lengthens into a future without armed camps on either side of the old religious divide, de Chastelain will have earned a soldier's career with a peacemaker's place in history.

JOHN DEBES

"The anticipation was that war would probably come again in Europe."



BECKIE SCOTT

IT'S A MELLOW May morning in the high desert of central Oregon and Beckie Scott, fresh from doing the last of the spring snow, has left her exceedingly ringing telephone to the answering machine. Carrying a backpack studded ring of heralds to the press of the house she shares with long-time boyfriend and U.S. Olympian Jason Wadsworth, Scott, 27, reflects on her changing fortune.

Behind her now is the relative obscurity that was the lot of a Canadian cross-country skier, even after a dozen on the national team and the World Cup circuit. Scott achieved the rare impossible at the Salt Lake City Winter Games, winning Canada's first ever Nordic Olympic medal, a bronze—at the time—in the combined pursuit.

The Olympics swept Scott into an international tour, where her controversial claims that blood doping plagued her sport turned out to be true. Scott should the rest of her life in Utah, but now, three months later, she calmly sips her iced coffee waiting for the first race. The two Russians who finished ahead of her are appearing suspiciously for blood boosting. If their disqualifications hold, Scott is likely to become a belated silver or even gold medalist.

"It really has changed my life," she says of her new higher profile. "It definitely took me awhile to get used to it." Most of the Olympic experience was wonderful, Scott says. She treasured sharing the moment with Wadsworth, a member of the U.S. cross-country team who calls her model: a breakthrough for the sport in North America. Scott tends, recalling their years of mutual training and encourage-

ment. "It wasn't really my medal," she says. "It was our medal."

Her parents were at the finish line, too, and the celebration reached back to hometown Vestavia, Ala. In April, more of the community's 4,400 residents turned out for Beckie Scott Day. There was a parade. A street was named for her. She was given a gold medal. "I was overwhelmed by it all," she says.

It was Jan and Walter Scott who instigated cross-country skiing to Vestavia 23 years ago, literally helping blaze the first trail. Their only child put on skis before age four. "Beckie, of course, had no choice," says Jan. As Beckie hit her teens, her mother spouted the "mental tough now" so essential to her success. "She can go beyond skin pores of pain," Jan says, "and still push."

The grit isn't immediately obvious at her unassuming smile, but she's shown it both on the trail and off. Her criticism during the Games of lax drug controls earned a public rebuke from Dick Pound, the Canadian head of the World Anti-Doping Agency. "She's very out of line," he snapped at the time. Says Scott: "I didn't regret it, because I knew I was right."

Scott and Wadsworth, 33, are planning another season on the World Cup circuit, where they met five years ago. Scott says she'll likely race two more years before deciding on another Olympics, or an eventual return, with Wadsworth, to Canada.

Like her parents, she's cut a trail others can follow. There's a place on the podium for those who race clean. "We're not worried about the colour of the medal, but the quality of the victory."

KEN MADDOWSKI

'I didn't
regret what
I said,
because
I knew
I was right.'





GILLES PINETTE

GILLES PINETTE'S cluttered office space features two items that set it apart from a doctor's usual pack and tools—a crumpled paper bag of sweet grass on the desk and a medicine wheel tacked to the wall. The long, beaded strands of porcupine quillery are a tool of his trade, just like the stethoscope. The 28-year-old Stern physician wears around his neck. The traditional beaded quill, quartered circle is a reminder of his heritage and belief that there is more to healing the sick than simply treating their ills. "Our traditional healers had cures for a lot of substances, but they didn't just give them to people and walk away," says Pinette. "They understood that there's a connection between the mind and the body, the spirit of the body. I don't think that's ever gone. I just think that's good medicine."

The need for balance—emotional, physical, intellectual, spiritual—is a favorite theme for the Winnipeg physician, the desire to broaden the medical profession's horizons, a mission. "Aboriginal people, on average, eight to 10 years less than the rest of the population. They are more likely to die young; they are more likely to have chronic diseases," he says, nothing off a disturbing list of health problems that plague native Canadians.

Just five years out of the University of Manitoba medical school, Pinette, who embodies a doctor's literacy or authority with the spiky-haired, black-jacket look of a student, has built himself a profile that may be the envy of physician peers his age. There is the monthly medical column in Aboriginal and community newspapers across the country, a series of books on native health issues like diabetes and suicide prevention, a turn as host of *Medicine Clear* on the Aboriginal Peoples Television Network and this year's National Aboriginal Achievement Award. For Pinette, the extent the public at large—not just First Nations members—but in hollow-key training of modern medicine and traditional healing teachings speaks of a health system that's not meeting the needs of patients. "People are starving for holistic care," he says.

Based in the village of Bawdene, 300 km northeast of Winnipeg, where his family ran the local service station and restaurant, Pinette says medicine was just a vague ambition until the deaths of his grandfather, and a close friend, at age 19, from pancreatic cancer. His experiences at U of M—where the star information and students received about native healing came from non-Aboriginal professors—shaped Pinette's desire to use his heritage in his daily practice. Today he lectures at the school and is associate director of its morning, running and support program for Aboriginal students.

Catching a break between patients at the busy downtown clinic where he spends part of his work week, Pinette is frank about his large ambitions. More books (he has his own publishing company), TV shows and CD-ROMs that will help improve the health of all Canadians, and provide for his growing family—and his wife Carolyn are expecting their third child this month. Like a stone thrown into the still waters of a pond, Pinette says, small actions can have far-reaching effects. "I'm just creating ripples," he adds. "I think one person can make a difference."

"I'm just creating ripples.
I think one person can make a difference."



JANE JACOBS

IT'S LATE MAN. The sun is out, restaurant patios are filling up nicely. Toronto is having a Jane Jacobs kind of day. On bustling Queen Street, university kids on rollerblades and Asian women in torn plastic by each other in gentle conversation. On the leafy side street, neighbours chat from their porches. It's as if the city is breathing from every pore.

Inside her nearby, semi-detached home, life is calmer but no less natural. Jacobs is 86 now, a luminescent wiz. She moves about slowly in the cool deflected house where the furniture is simple, functional and slightly bohemian, not unlike the woman herself. Bookshelves, naturally, dominate almost every room. Some are even held up, understatedly, by concrete blocks. That's the anthropologist of everyday life in her. Her Time has closed her gaze but not her memory, that famous impish smile or the confidence with which she still attacks aside the dead hand of expert opinion. Visitors are welcome, but she is happily spending her day binging away on an old green Reuttinger, writing a new foreword for the Mark Twain classic *Adventures Abroad*. She is amazed at the notion that the title might just capture her own quite fascinating life.

It's been 36 years since the U.S.-born Jacobs and her late husband Robert, an architect, headed their only, a 23-year-old daughter and two drab-age boys, north to Toronto to escape the military madness of the Vietnam War. "Driving up here, we made up our minds to a family that we were immigrants, not exiles," she says. "And in many ways I felt more at home here. I liked Toronto immediately." And it rewarded the favour.

Liking Toronto, of course, is hardly a Canadian trait, but the docteur's daughter from Scranton, Pa., is happily conversant in any event, advanced too. She took herself off to Greenwich Village in the mid-ties of the Depression, determined to be a writer. She ended up instead speaking at an urban movement. A journalist at first and relatively self-taught, Jacobs authored five books on the fits and foibles of urban planning—beginning with *The Death and Life of Great American Cities* in 1961—firsts that became almost sacred texts. Her semi-legendary Twin-like observations-inspired photos from Japan to central Europe and cut her as the doyen mother of urban activism everywhere, a role that has been both a honour and a burden.

"I didn't inherit a great wish to be an activist," she says now. "I was pushed into it by things that were just so outrageous. And I always thought that because a park was away from what I really wanted to do, which was writing." Still, from her first battle in the early 1960s, to stop a traffic route through Wellesley Square in lower Manhattan, to the fight against the proposed downtown Spadina expressway in Toronto a decade later, to a community debate over one-way streets in her neighbourhood a few years ago, Jacobs has lobbed some important lessons. One is that expressways are a contradiction in terms. The more fundamental lesson, of course, is her oft-voiced, over-much-used now that crass "organic, spontaneous and timely," not unlike the behaviour of their best citizens on a sunny spring day. Even those in a quiet upstairs room gently tossing bricks at bigots and cowards.

ROBERT MCKEEPE

"I didn't inherit a great wish to be an activist. I was pushed into it by things that were just so outrageous."



DAVID GANONG

FOR A CORPORATE EXEC who spends too much time on the road, David Ganong manages to stay close to his small town roots. The shingled two-storey house where he and his wife Diane live in St. Stephen, N.B., is just down the street from where he grew up. Looking out his window, he can see the local Ganong Bros. building, home to the family's first major candy factory in 1888 which now houses its flagships confectionery store as well as the community's Chocolate Museum.

Piloting his SUV across town towards the company's headquarters and state-of-the-art 7,600 sq. ft. chocolate factory—located, of course, on Chocolate Drive—Ganong passes a nursing home and middle school housed in buildings donated by his family. He sees kids who play on Ganong sponsored baseball, soccer and hockey teams and who live at the town site where the ice surface is tended by a Zamboni bought with the family firm's help. At a stoplight, Ganong waves to some of his 230 employees, all of whom seem to greet him as "David" whether they are senior executives or maintenance staff.

It's a scene straight from the pages of Stephen Leacock, a slow-burn, happy community where, under a sunny spring sky, the harsh realities of the 21st century seem far away. Not long ago, St. Stephen, a working-class town of nearly 5,000 on the Miramichi border, seemed to be on the slide. Now, it's undergoing a rebirth. And if any single person is responsible, it's Ganong who, at 56, without just past the president of a company that this year expects to sell nearly seven million kg. of chocolates, candies and fruit snacks throughout Canada

and the United States. The father of three is the latest in a line of businessmen known for valuing the company good as much as the bottom line. And if that's not remarkable enough these days, this day, it's remarkably close so at a time when the pressure to change has never been greater. St. Stephen has made a tremendous commitment to us, he explains. "I feel a tremendous bond of loyalty to our employees and our community."

He's not just showing plaudits. Ganong, his family and company support local social agencies and help fund major draws like the Chocolate Museum and summer Chocolate Fest. More important in what Ganong does not do. Like his family predecessors, he refuses to move the company out of St. Stephen even though it clearly makes business sense to be closer to bigger markets. That means staying here when the multinational confectionary giants come shopping, as they do several times a year. "Giving up ownership is the first step towards taking jobs out of this area," he says. "We're determined never to see that happen."

How determined? Well, Ganong, who has an MBA from the University of Western Ontario, says he would only consider moving to ensure the company's long-term survival. "The landscape of Atlantic Canada is littered with the corpses of British plant operations controlled away from the region," Ganong says. Keeping ownership in local hands, he feels, is the best way to ensure those chocolates keep rolling off the St. Stephen conveyor belt. And that his family's legacy in its hometown lives on long after his gone.

JOHN DUMONT



“I can’t separate my life and my work, and I know that spells trouble. But this isn’t a job; this is a vocation.”

AT A CALGARY HOSPITAL on Christmas Eve, 1986, a doctor gave Christine Wandzura the sort of news every parent dreads. Her five-year-old son, Derek, had a glioblastoma brain tumour which was robbing him of the ability to walk and causing him to take away his sight. Although Derek lived another 4½ years, he was never physically the same. Repeatedly hospitalized, he endured painful rounds of radiation treatment and physiotherapy. Yet he remained a boy of high spirits and good humour whose greatest regret was that he couldn’t smile, due to partial facial paralysis. To try so remorselessly to doctor-mummify nerve grafts from Derek’s legs to his face, then put down, the cancer returned, the time with final, inoperable. Near the end, Derek’s mother asked her if he had one wish, what would it be? “I thought he’d say, ‘Just won’tolve,’” says Wandzura. “But the only thing he wanted was to be able to smile.”

Eleven years later, Wandzura weeps as she retells this story, a mother’s grief as raw and unavoidable as it had all happened yesterday, that this is no ordinary mother. Within months of Derek’s death, Wandzura founded a week-long summer wilderness camp for 35 children with cancer. Today, the camp reaches over four weeks and involves about 350 kids, ages seven to 18. She fundraises tirelessly for these annual camps out of a cramped basement office in her Calgary home while caring for Derek’s two younger siblings, Mind, now 17, and Laurel, now 15.

In 1999, Wandzura took her crusade to another level, expanding her Kids Cancer Care Foundation of Alberta, which, in addition to running the summer camps, supports clinical services and research. By

this April, the foundation’s successful fundraising efforts allowed it to contribute \$1 million and pledge to raise another \$1 million towards a \$6 million research chair in pediatric oncology at the University of Calgary, one of the largest endowments of its kind in Canada.

Along the way, the 44-year-old former stay-at-home mom became the unlikely linchpin of an organization which now boasts 100 full-time employees, 250 volunteer and professional physicians, lawyers, academics and corporate executives on its 12-member board of directors. How did she do it? “When you’re crazy, it’s a lot easier than you’d think,” laughs Wandzura. “I started by haring up the people I knew, family and friends, and it grew from there. Failure was not an option.”

Success, though, came at a price. At first, Wandzura worked seven days a week, 16 hours a day. “My family suffered physically, but I wasn’t there mentally,” Wandzura credits her husband, Michael, a Canada Customs inspector, with picking up the slack. Even now, she works “rapid hours,” rising at 5:30 a.m. for an hour on the treadmill and weights before another day of meetings, event planning and evening fundraising obligations. “I can’t separate my life and my work, and I know that spells trouble,” she says. “But this isn’t a job; this is a vocation.”

She is driven, that’s for sure. She readily admits “but it isn’t just Derek’s memory and love for him that motivates me,” says Wandzura. “It’s Derek and a whole lot of other kids. It’s seeing their faces and knowing that all the kids don’t die; most will survive and, with help, even thrive. That’s the coolest thing.” **BRIAN BERGSON**

RICHARD WRIGHT

BARELY VISIBLE grinaces fit across Richard Wright's face, but he keeps adding politely. Character of extraordinary characters hidden within seemingly ordinary lives, voice of a small-town Ontario sensibility now long gone. Walking in brilliant spring sunshine in Niagara on the Lake, this quadruple-nominees Ontario essayist and adoring a 1935 Ford parked nearby—"I learned to drive on this kind of car"—the amiable Wright is as relaxed as he can be about the labels applied to him. Just don't mention the *after 8 word*. "I am not at all interested in nostalgia, and it really annoys me when people write that," the 65-year-old novelist says. "You can't be nostalgic for the 1930s because they were so bloody awful."

Already, one reason critics admire Wright's now-perfect novels is because he has no nostalgia for past—and hasn't. "There's nothing better," says the dapper Montreal Canadiens fan, "than an aficionado with old pieces-of-hockey players."

Over a three-decade career, Wright has kept his characters anchored in modest circumstances that mirrored his own. For 20 years until his retirement in 2006, Wright helped support his family—he and his librarian wife, Phyllis, have now grown sons—by teaching English at Ridley College in St. Catharines, Ont. Rising early, Wright would type a few more pages, slowly crafting the eight novels that brought him a devoted if small readership. Then, last year, Wright was the literary lodestar with his ninth book, *Clara Callat*. His Depression-era tale of two sisters swept Canada's top fiction honours, the \$15,000 Giller Prize, and the \$15,000 Governor General's Award, and last month added

the \$12,500 Trillium award for best Ontario book. The triumphs were richly deserved. Clara Callat, spivvy schoolmarm, is one of the most memorable characters in Canadian literature.

Born in Midland, on Georgian Bay, the youngest of five children, Wright knew from his earliest days the narrow horizons of tight-knit communities. Despite an early gift for narrative—he used to invent stories to entertain his friends—Wright had no plans to be an author. "That would have been obviously exotic," he laughs, driving along the familiar country roads that lead back to St. Catharines. "Children in Midland didn't dream of becoming writers."

But the adult Wright didn't let that affect him, any more than Clara Callat allows her life to be dictated by her neighbours' expectations. Storytelling drive and intense curiosity proved an unstoppable writerly combination. "On a plane last month," he recalls, "I saw a man—very old, very big, very fat—with a German name written on his shirt badge over the word 'Canada.' I looked at him and started to invent a life for him." [He may yet appear in a future novel.] "There's an impulse to create in some people," Wright says of himself, "and that's what gives them most of their deep satisfaction."

At Ridley, Wright used to tell his students there were two kinds of fiction: one that "helps you forget your life" and another that "helps you understand it." The emotional payoff, for reader and writer alike, lies in the latter. "When characters are authentic, that's as close as we can get to understanding human experience." It's a mark Richard Wright hits as squarely as anyone.

ERIN BETHUNE

"When characters are authentic, that's as close as we can get to understanding human experience."



ADEENA NIAZI

THE STAFF AT the Afghan Women's Organization in Toronto are racing to keep up as telephones, walk-in inquiries, paperwork and email streamer for attention. At noon, a woman delivers steaming cups of tea to her co-workers during a brief break. The door to Adeena Niazi's cramped office has shut out all the noise except her phone, which rings incessantly. Ignoring them, the 50-year-old AWO founder and executive director sets down her mug and, in response to a personal question, begins to cry. "I'm sorry," she says apologetically. "I don't do this easily."

Niazi—who has communicated with Afghan women raped in refugee camps, watched girls of 14 marry men for a meal over their heads and helped bring thousands of displaced Afghans to Canada—is talking about her mother. "She was always encouraging me to get a higher education," says Niazi of Maryam Masoud Niazi, who was one of the first Afghan women to go abroad for higher education. "She always wanted me to be independent." Niazi's mother, though a champion of education, was forbidden by Niazi's father to work for a salary. So when her daughter turned 25, she left her family and her teaching job at Kabul University to study Sanskrit in India. Still, there two years later, the raw, her dreams of a normal life shattered as the Soviet Union seized her homeland. "From that day, everything was lost," she says.

Because of her vocal opposition to the Soviet occupation, Niazi was not allowed to return home. "I never saw my mother or father again." And it would be almost 20 years before Niazi—hidden under the cover of a Taliban-standard shadari—

finally re-entered Afghanistan in 1997. "I was really very much attached to my family, my country and my culture," she says. "So it was a big shock to me. I didn't know what it meant to be a refugee." Today, Niazi knows all too well.

Arriving in Toronto as a refugee herself in 1988, Niazi began to help other newcomers to Canada. Two years later, she founded the AWO. Today, it has four offices in Toronto with 54 employees handling everything from heritage language classes to sponsoring Afghan refugees. "My house is full of refugees," says Niazi, who shares a home with her sister, whom she sponsored in 1989. "For me, it's just same extra people in my home. For them, it's a big step."

Through the AWO, Niazi set up secret home schooling for Afghan girls who, under the Taliban, were banned from receiving a formal education. Recently, a trip to Afghan schools and refugee camps in the wake of the Taliban's divisive reign forced her main goal. "To bring peace and harmony back to Afghanistan," she says, without a trace of irony.

Throughout her work, Niazi—selected to represent Afghanistan's newly-formed interim Loya Jirga, or national assembly, as one of two representatives for Afghan Canadians—has remained true to a promise she made to her mother just after the Soviet coup. "I decided to commit myself to helping others, so I told her that I had decided not to marry," recalls Niazi. "She was happy. She told me to live with dignity and self-respect." And by following her own mother's advice, Niazi, in turn, has become a mother to her community.

—KATH CAMPBELL

*From that day,
everything
was lost.
I never saw
my mother or
father again.*





MARC GAGNON

IT STARTS WITH THE HAIR: When Marc Gagnon walks around Montreal, drivers and pedestrians see that thick of blonde-tipped spikes and recognize him right away. So they break it down and call out some form of congratulations. Even happen in bars and down. Toronto, where he once enjoyed complete anonymity. When he got up to leave his table at a restaurant there not long ago, other patrons stood up and began singing O Canada. Made him blanch—it was so unexpected. He had reluctantly told reporters on the last day of the 2002 Winter Games that his modest life in a short-track speed skating wouldn't change just because he'd won two gold medals and a bronze in Salt Lake City. "I was wrong—it's very different," he says now, shrugging. "And I like it. A lot."

Recognition goes with becoming the most decorated Canadian Olympian ever (three gold, two bronze), and it's sweeting reward for a single guy living in Montreal. But the biggest change for Gagnon is not going to the rink every day and, especially, not having that burning ambition that drove him to train so hard. Although he hasn't officially quit, at 27 he's thinking about it. "I'm not old, but I'm old for the sport," he says. "And I'm just so happy about all that has happened. I've been fighting for so long to get what I got, it just feels like it would be the right time to quit."

To date, Gagnon is nowhere near full-stop retirement. He can barely sit still; he overflows with upbeat energy and an infectious, wide-eyed sense of humor. He's enthusiastically exploring a variety of career possibilities. Already, he has begun a driver's training course at a circuit in

Mont Tremblant, Que., in hopes of one day racing cars. He has signed a deal with a Quebec cable channel to host a weekly variety show. And he has bought into a sports-themed arena in Montreal's downtown. "This is the kind of place I go to anyway," he says over lunch there, digging into his chicken pot pie. With a smiley winks, he adds: "Food's good, eh?"

No overnight sensation, Gagnon has been skating since he was three. His parents would take him to the speed skating rink in Chomedey, Que., where his older brother trained, and he's been going fast ever since. In the high-speed whirl of short-track, though, talent and experience aren't always enough. Four times Gagnon won the overall world championship, but individual Olympic glory eluded him in 1994 (he was fourth in the 1,000 m) and 1998 (he took relay team gold). Those experiences ultimately proved useful; he quit for a year after the 1998 Nagano Games, but was driven to return by unconfirmed banias. "If I hadn't been so hungry for that medal, I would not have come back," he says. "And none of this would have happened."

In his new life, Gagnon misses the companionship of teammates. "We always trained together, and whenever we'd do something away from skating, we'd do it altogether," he says. But he is motivated by the challenge of making himself an asset, and confident that after the thrill and rigors of short-track, he can handle the unexpected. "In my sport, you learn to stay cool about whatever happens," Gagnon says. "So if something disappointing happens, I'll be prepared for it."

JAMES DEMAR



TOUGH GUY

Robert Nault is picking a fight with First Nations over the issue of band governance

WATCH THE MINISTERS—cutting one of Jean Chretien's cabinet meetings, and try picking out those cut from the same cloth as the Prime Minister. There aren't many big oily guys such as Allan Rock and Herb Dhaliwal obviously don't qualify. Neither do the professorial figures, the telephone dents and Anna McCallum, John Manley? Too smooth. Bertie Cadzow? Clear. But consider Robert Nault. His northern Ontario riding is a lot like Chretien's own in Quebec's hinterland. Like the boss, he's a scrapper who revels in his image as a no-nonsense pragmatist. And like Chretien

in so other cases, he's making a bid to solidify his base: legume political citizens in one of Ottawa's toughest jobs, minister of Indian affairs.

Nault likes the comparison. "We have a lot in common," he says. "Jean Chretien didn't come to Ottawa as star. He worked his way up the hard way. He's very family-oriented, and I'd like to think that's the way I don't have a complicated life. Work, home, work, home—that's about it." That, and doing battle with some of the country's most powerful Aboriginal politicians, especially Assembly of First Nations

"I've been asking myself, why is Canada successful, and the First Nations aren't?"

National Chief Matthew Coon Come They've sparred often, but the real digging started on June 14, when Nault tabled his First Nations Governance Act, a landmark piece of legislation designed to clean up reserve finances, and force chiefs and band councils to become more accountable to band members.

Coon Come didn't waste any time coming out of his corner. Before Nault could finish his news conference announcing the legislation, the national chief leapt on TV denouncing the proposed law as an erosion of the "sovereign" Indian Act. What's more, he said, Nault was forcing the unwanted reforms on native leaders with out proper consultation. In an interview that day, Nault adopted a tone of formal respect for Coon Come, but described his adversary in terms that would hardly be welcomed by the proud leader of an organization that represents 633 reserves, and negotiates with the national voice of native Indians. "He's a lobelia," Nault told Maclean's. "His role is to lobby on behalf

WHAT IS MODERN LUXURY?

THREE RESERVATIONS, TWO WAKE-UP CALLS, ONE BUTTON.



One button for the front desk. One button for room service. One button for the valet. We just thought it would be simpler if it were the same one button. Service Express® by Westin. Welcome to the age of modern luxury.

call your travel planner or 1 800 WESTIN or visit westin.com



MEMBER OF
STARWOOD
PROPERTIES
REESTATE
INC.

WESTIN
HOTELS & RESORTS®

modern luxury.™

of the chiefs, and there are a number of chiefs who prefer the status quo."

For the Prime Minister, seeing Nault made him the right man to bring back meritocracy—and not happy ones. As Indian affairs minister in Pierre Trudeau's first cabinet in 1968, Chrétien attempted an even bolder reform, and encountered even angrier opposition. Pressed to think big by Trudeau, he drafted a "White Paper" (never has the term for a federal policy document been more unfortunate) that proposed abolishing the Indian Act and the reserve system along with it. The plan was inspired by Trudeau's philosophy that all minorities, Aboriginals included, should be equal under the law.

In that case, though, trying to put the principle into practice turned out to be a political disaster. Indians leaders saw the attempt to abolish their special status not as an invitation to take their place in the Canadian mainstream, but as a blueprint for assimilation. Chrétien was eventually forced to withdraw the scheme, and Trudeau admitted the attempt to legislate away inequality was "a bit too abstract."

Nault has never been accused of indulging in abstract thinking. If the whole Trudeau-guided Chrétien into launching 35 years ago was rooted in theory, the plan Nault is promoting today is grounded in his practical experience as a constituency politician. An MP for the sprawling Renfrew County/Silver River riding in northwestern Ontario, he represents 51 Aboriginal communities. Among these are some of the country's most rural, such as Pimicikanapi, the Ojibway reserve that briefly burst into the national news in late 1999 after a tragic spate of adolescent suicides. "For years, I've been asking myself, why is it that Canada is extremely successful, and the First Nations aren't?" Nault says. "If we believe in building an economy in reserve communities, which is my number 1 priority, what's stopping us? I concluded that they need good governance and modern administration."

And so he decided to reform the way reserves are run. Some critics charge that Nault's emphasis on band administration rests on an unfair assumption that native politicians tend to be corrupt and incompetent. But he says the main problem is not the well-published minority of bands with scandalously bad leadership—it's the



As Indian affairs minister in 1968, Chrétien (right) proposed abolishing the Indian Act.

hopelessly unenforced federal law that sets the framework for even the best-run communities. The Indian Act, which dates from 1876, doesn't even provide a clear legal definition of band powers. Nault's government bill would specify, for the first time, that bands can enter into contracts, borrow money, buy and sell property, and generally conduct normal business. He says the goal is to make them more attractive to outside entrepreneurs—and to unleash the entrepreneurial potential of the band members themselves.

But bands are going to have more flexibility to incur investment, Nault says they must also become more accountable in administering their own affairs. His act would require them to pass formal codes within two years for how they choose chiefs and councils, and basic rules for how their local administrations will function. Any reserve that doesn't adopt an own code will fall under a "default regime" of rules

set by the federal government. Just as important, bands will have to set themselves new financial accountability codes, with minimum requirements such as annual budgets and independently audited financial statements.

It all sounds almost unassumingly sensible, but opposition from Coon Come and many other chiefs is fierce. One of their big complaints is that Nault is concentrating on overhauling the Indian Act instead of working to get First Nations out from under the sway of a federal law. "Why should we build on a recent document?" Coon Come says. He argues the only acceptable starting point for improving the lives of natives is negotiating comprehensive self-government agreements with individual First Nations, and settling the outstanding treaty claims of many bands. Coon Come contends that a reform that covers almost all bands, like Nault's, can't possibly build in enough flexibility to meet each one's aspirations, as it's inevitably Ottawa's solution. "One-size-fits-all won't work," Coon Come told Maclean's. "What Nault is doing is maintaining an administrative stranglehold over native Indians."

Coon Come is a fiery, sometimes profane verbal combative. But his charge that Nault wants to keep natives under Ottawa's thumb may be a hard one to make stick. In fact, the main thrust of the government's act is to transfer authority from Nault's own hands to reserve communities. Under the Indian Act as it now



CANON. THE LEADER IN DIGITAL IMAGING FROM INPUT TO OUTPUT.

Only Canon has the full range of digital imaging products, from input to output. So whether it's capturing images, storing, sharing, printing or copying them, Canon leads the way.



Coon Come is a fiery, sometimes profane verbal combative. But his charge that Nault wants to keep natives under Ottawa's thumb may be a hard one to make stick. In fact, the main thrust of the government's act is to transfer authority from Nault's own hands to reserve communities. Under the Indian Act as it now



The national chief says Nault is forcing
unwritten norms on native leaders.

stands, the Indian Affairs ministry has the power to dilute bylaws passed by band councils (he often does, when councils overstep the limited role assigned to them by the act). The new government law would eliminate that, and give bands much clearer power to make local laws. Bands could decide, without fear of being overruled, to enact a wide range of laws for their own purposes, from preserving their language to setting up a local health board. They will also gain the authority to adopt zoning laws, regulate business activities, and conserve natural resources.

But according to Coon Come, all that misses the point. He says the main limitation bands face today is not a lack of legal authority but a plain shortage of money. Asked if he believes Canadian taxpayers could be persuaded that the \$7.2 billion a year Ottawa now pours into Aboriginal programs is insufficient, Coon Come says

genius another generation of poverty and despair will be the cost of failing to spend more. "Let's talk about the cost of doing nothing," he says. "To enjoy some small dollar in order to give an opportunity for young people," he says. Still, even with more money, the current reserve system should only be seen as an undesirable stage on the way to negotiating agreements—the objective that Coon Come urges Nault to focus on instead of "integrating" with the Indian Act.

Nault seems hardly able to contain his impatience when asked why he doesn't see self-government as the only solution. "My answer to that is we're not negotiating very fast, are we?" Nault says. "At the rate we're going, it will be 10 years before we have all First Nations outside of the

Indian Act." Only a handful of First Nations—including Coon Come's James Bay Cree—have negotiated various forms of self-government. The latest to bargain its way out from under the Indian Act were the Mi'gmaq of northeastern British Columbia. And that cash and land deal, finalized in April, 2000, was so controversial it paved the way for the current B.C. referendum over the future of such modern treaty-making. With the process stalled in B.C., and partially played elsewhere, Coon Come decided to pursue another course.

Those who have worked with him before expect Nault, 46, to be more determined than diplomatic in pushing his government's act. He is the image of selflessness: the one-time founder with the James A. Kerasi, the low-key do-it-yourself kind of hard man to clack off the pack. He can live years as a railway union official—he once worked as a conductor—as

he prepares for housing policy. "Crush life is a lot like political life," Nault says. "There's a lot of crushing internally that doesn't get noticed about."

He entered federal politics in the 1988 election, when the Liberals were still an opposition, and in Ottawa found a mentor in Doug Young, a veteran of New Brunswick provincial politics and another prime-spoken, old-style rural MP. Young emerged as the most powerful East Coast cabinet minister after the Liberals won the 1993 election, and Nault served for a while as his parliamentary secretary. Christian saw the hard-working MP from Kincardine as an up-and-comer, and placed him into cabinet as Minister of Indian Affairs and Northern Development in 1999. Having chosen him for the job, Christian left Nault to do it, Nault says he has spoken to the Prime Minister only twice since taking on the port.

He says it was the cabinet job he coveted. "I am the only Indian affairs minister in history who lobbied for the job," he claims. He had travelled regularly to the many First Nations communities in his riding back when he was an ordinary MP, maintaining himself in the details of their relationship with the department. He would later take over. "I came into the department knowing a lot about the policies and programs," he says. "I had lived them every time I went to a community."

That background impressed some native leaders, but in they got to know the new minister, it was his forceful personality, not his steady group of details, that came to define his relationship with them. Marlene Poitras, chief executive officer of the Atikamekw Tribal Council, an organization of five Algonquin reserves settled out by Indian Affairs as a success story for forging a working relationship with the oil and gas industry, found Nault a breath of fresh air initially; but she says the way he has single-mindedly pushed his government's act lacks diplomacy. "My first reaction was, 'Well, at least we have someone who knows the issues,'" Poitras says. "But once then, I've found the minister's approach is, 'I'm going to do this.' It puts everybody on the defensive."

Or, in the case of Coon Come, on the offensive. At 46, the veteran Cree chief is Nault's age, and a good match for him. Through him where Nault is squarely

The plan Nault is promoting today is grounded in his practical experience as a constituency politician who represents 51 Aboriginal communities

as recent at a United Nations conference in South Africa last year. The bad press he received, and an angry reaction from Nault haven't slowed his tone. "If the amalgamation of our people continues," he says, "we're going down a path of cultural, social, demographic—I dare say the world—wide."

The last look the voice of compromise has, then, as John Christon learned the hard way 33 years ago, changes to the Indian Act doesn't come easily. For Nault, seeing his bill become law when the House returns next fall would be by far the biggest accomplishment of his political career. For Coon Come, dismantling the over-submissive Indian Affairs legislative committee as decades would prove his can get results, and year after things up. With the personal stakes of the native constituents as high, it's easy to lose sight of the far greater consequences for hundreds of bright reserves. Beyond Nault's determination and Coon Come's anger, that is a debate about the way many unapprised Canadians live—and what, if anything, is to be done about it.

Canadian College Italy



CCI THE RENAISSANCE SCHOOL

Canada's high school in Italy

- Co-ed, semestered boarding high school
- High academic standard
- University preparatory advanced courses for entrance to Canadian, US, European universities, taught in English, grades 10 to high school graduation
- Modified Latinisms on the Adriatic coast
- Co-ed, boarding high school
- Expert, qualified teaching staff
- Supervised education to assist throughout Italy and Europe
- Study within the artistic, scientific, cultural origins of today's civilization
- A unique educational experience



Now enrolling Fall Year Program, September 2002
Summer credit courses also available in July 2002
Tel: 995-566-7108 1-800-432-0508 Fax: 995-508-5484
e-mail: ccitalia@rcinet.ca www.ccitalia.ca



THE LONG ROAD HOME

Another year is ending in Afghanistan. Since the fall of the Taliban, refugees have been streaming back to their homeland. The office of the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees estimates that, since March, more than one million people have returned to a country ill-prepared to care for them, and the pace is not letting up. Many of the returnees are finding life in the "new" Afghanistan more desperate than what they experienced in the squalid refugee camps of Pakistan and Iran. Toronto-based photographer Adrian E. Khan recently travelled to Kabul with one returning family. His report:

Thousands of Afghans who fled their country are now returning



Passport
photographers do a booming business in a camp inside Pakistan as refugees prepare for the grueling journey (top left). After the Tora Bora border crossing (top right), their road leads through the Khyber Pass, where some struggle on foot (top right); others squeeze into dilapidated trucks and buses (bottom right)—and hope the vehicles survive the roads. The trek is often hardest on children (left)



ABDUL WASSAY and his family were forced to escape Afghanistan alive in the summer of 1992. They cut a close one with the ferocious fighting, reaching barren desert levels. Wassay, then a non-cook barely past his 20s, woke his wife and only son



before dawn. They picked up whatever meager belongings could be carried, and headed for the hills. Their house in Kabol was bombed the next night—when they were in the mountains about halfway to Pakistan.

It was a decade ago—10 agonizing years of waiting and praying for loved ones, of living in squallid camps, unwanted by the benevolent rulers of their homelands and largely forgotten by the international community. But the Taliban have been vanquished by coalition forces, and Wazay and his family, now with an additional three children born in Pakistan, are going home.

They're not alone on the journey. The road leading into Afghanistan from the Tora Bora border crossing, along the stony Khyber Pass, is width re- turnees. It's an awe-inspiring sight, caravans of transport trucks brightly painted with scenes of local landmarks and mountain valleys, all staffed to the hilt with

people. As they cross the line from purgatory in Pakistan to the promised land, they've been denied for so long, they cheer and wave.

Amid the euphoria, I am worried. Despite my Canadian citizenship, my Pakistani roots may be a problem. Pakistanis don't get much respect in Afghanistan—on the north they're counted as Taliban sympathizers, while in the south they're reviled as traitors for their support of the American-led war. It's a no-win scenario and my guide has made me vow to deny my ethnic origin at all costs. "You're a Canadian, no matter what anyone says," he warns.

This doesn't make me feel any more secure. We'll pass the place where four journalists were executed in November, and I've heard rumors that rogue Taliban have been siring off cars and noses of men who do not sport beards. Wazay tells me not to worry—apparently

there hasn't been a macabre incident in at least a week.

THE ROAD TO JALALABAD, a quarter of the way into the 200-km journey to Kabol, can still travellers was a false sense of security. Often road-lined, it cuts through a wide, fertile plain ringed by gently sloping hills with the snow-capped peaks of the Hindu Kush further off in the distance. Traditional Afghan music blares from the hills' stereo, people laugh and tell stories of a more peaceful era in Afghanistan, when nomadic tribes were the norm and conflict was something that happened in distant lands.

After Jalalabad, the country begins to look more like the Afghanistan I'd imagined. The change is subtle, like a switch flipped and reality illuminated by a shanty-light. The country becomes a barren wasteland, even though my companion has just appeared overly mused by the con-

fusion. Perhaps they weren't as duped as I was by the small slice of paradise we've left behind. We pass a ruined Russian tank sitting by the roadside, and bombed-out villages. Nothing is left standing between Jalalabad and Sar-e Pol, a small town slightly more than halfway to Kabol. Some of the most intense fighting lie between Russian bases and the Afghan irregulars who took them in these hills, my guide tells me. He should know: his father is the governor of the town, and during the war against the Russians he fought with the renowned leader Ahmed Shah Massoud, who was assassinated two days before the Sept. 11 attacks by suspected members of al-Qaeda.

We stop at Sar-e Pol, my guide can visit his family. It's an Afghanistan you can't compare with Kandahar and Kabul, a sweet green tea shop a staple for the Pakistanis of Afghanistan. Sar-e Pol has a reputation of being an especially lawless

place in a lawless land, and as we duck into the governor's compound, a small caravan of men stand guard against approaching enemy. The reality is that there is no such as an enemy left to fight, and the men are relegated to a daily routine of hauling and lounging.

Wazay and his family remain on the periphery of the festivities. They seem agitated by the delay, and out of place. The administration of Afghanistan has left many of its people without a role to play in their homeland. Wazay left to escape pain and war; now that he's back, he doesn't quite fit in with the soldiers and hardened fighters who are the dominant feature of his country. His brother, who died soon after Wazay did, was the fighter in the family, he says. "These guns, I never felt comfortable with them," Wazay says. "I'm a crook, not a soldier." Perhaps that will eventually be to his advantage in the "new" Afghanistan. When the dust settles, and the country emerges

from the depths of conflict, it will be people like Wazay who will usher in the new era. If the dust ever settles.

After Sar-e Pol, the journey becomes a painfully slow process as the bus idles in an array of ancient, cratered potholes and fallen boulders. Every few hundred meters we pass another vehicle flattened by the ravaged sand-strewn roads are the most common sight—and I begin to wonder whether our section bus has what it takes to survive.

Abdul Wazay and his family seem unperturbed. They've seen sights beyond the towering peaks that stand between us and the Kabol plain. that they'll be to patient after 14 hours on the road—a journey that should last barely half a day under more normal conditions—the deepening darkness and the possibility of attack by rebels force us to stop. Better to take no chances. But we lose well before sunrise. The tattered curtains are transparent, a



Wazay freight and other refugees, return to Kabol, but that only goes so far as to help them rebuild their lives and find jobs in a place that has largely forgotten them. And as an UNHCR official explains (below), they must also contend with dangers such as rockets and mines.





Wassay and his struggling family often visit their bombed-out home in Kabul, which he is determined to somehow rebuild. He tries to remain optimistic, and plans on another room for the children. "I think we'll get big," he says—more as his already meager resources are running out.

decade can feel like a lifetime and a day like a decade when home is close at hand.

WELCOME TO KABUL. There is little consolation on the bus in the passengers take in the depressing sight. In one 13-minute span we see at many foreign troops as locals. French, German, American Choppers fly supplies to the front lines where soldiers work clearing mines. The message seems to be: this is still a war zone—don't get too comfortable.

That's also what an official at the UNHCR station tells us. "Brothers, sisters, children, Asian students [may God protect you]. The UNHCR has summoned us in Kabul to warn you about mines and rockets so that you may avoid the danger. You who are returning to Afghanistan must avoid, must not touch, these things. Every day we tell 10,000 people about the dangers in Afghanistan. Children, women, seniors, please pay attention to

these displays. Everyone pay attention to me. This is a bomb, these are mines, this is a rocket launcher."

The morning is grey and chilly. Still and shivering, Wassay looks upon the meager supplies offered by the UNHCR as part of a "Refugee Reintegration Package"—US\$100, blankets, soap, a tarp and tent, a basket, some wheat, frostbite pads—it's a small token, barely enough to last a week in the unprepared capital, but he appreciates the assistance. He's worried about the burden he'll be placing on the friends who have agreed to house the family until he gets on his feet. "This will help," he says, passing the supplies into his bag for the last leg of the journey.

I LEAVE WASSAY and his family as they unload and load, necessarily huddled in front of their friend's home. In the heart of Kabul, Wassay's plan is to stay a few days in the small read-back structure



Introducing Aquos by Sharp, inspiring flat-panel liquid crystal television. Crystal-clear image quality. Outstanding brightness. A screen that's merely 25 inches thin. Aquos. It's what TV will be. www.sharp.ca www.sharp-usa.com

be sharp™



AN INFLATED NOTION OF WORTH

The push for shareholder value is out of control

SHAREHOLDER VALUE: the words themselves exude goodness. Even though the expression refers to straightforward measures of management and directors are increasing their company's share price—it comes across as a naked virtue. Shareholders are participants—all in this together—and value, according to the Oxford dictionary, means worth, desirability, utility—quality as upstanding and upright, every upstanding citizen would want them. There's even the notion of defending the little guy, as directors are supposed to be looking out for the interests of investors. The thinking is steeped in logic and devoids of emotion. But the truth is, shareholder value is a concept that has gone out of control.

In ever-increasing numbers, shareholder-junkies—want their companies to be beholden to them. They are the new era, after all. The middle class, expecting little from government in its representation

The focus on shareholder value has spawned shareholder consultants. Consulting firms have whole divisions that provide companies with advice on how to improve it. One of these firms, New Hampshire-based Kennedy Information Inc., publishes a magazine six times a year called Shareholder Value. There are Web sites on the subject, including, naturally, shareholdervalue.com, and academics argue in serious papers over what drives it. The Attention Management Association even wants to teach it the group has a certificate program in shareholder value creation.

The value of our investments has so exposed the stagnation it's long since taken over the table talk at dinner parties. House prices, anyone? Could you pass the stock tips, darling? Does anyone even dare mention Northrop anymore, for fear of casting a pall over the party? Ironically, NorTEL Networks Corp., the company that's lost a torrid three at value—\$65 billion, or 85 per cent, off its July 2000 peak—has continued, like so many other companies, to enhance shareholder value in mission statement after mission statement. It's alone company that has laid off 52,500 people, or more than half its employees—thanks to the collapse of overextended shareholder value.

The pressure to exceed that kind of value has become relentless. Banks and the tech companies that were burnt after the bubble burst are just one part of the phenomenon. Another is the push for convergence by telecom and media companies, designed to squeeze more profit out of their businesses. An enormous amount of money and energy has gone into making convergence work, and for a moment or two, share prices in the sector bumped upwards. The only thing lacking so far is substance—and real value. It's turning out to be a hollow promise—as witnessed by the fall from grace of Jean Morin, formerly CEO of BCE Inc. The few companies that haven't bought in to either convergence or the supremacy of shareholder value—such as Power Corp. of Canada, the Montreal-based media and financial services conglomerate controlled by the Desmarais family—haven't had a share price boost, but neither have they had to ride a roller coaster.

While more shareholder disappoin-

ment is inevitable, it's not the only fall-

WOULD IT SURPRISE YOU TO KNOW THAT CANOLA FARMERS ARE HAPPY WITH LESS? LESS SOIL EROSION AND LESS FUEL USAGE



Thanks to advancements in biotechnology, farmers can now grow crops like canola that require less tilling. This results in less soil erosion, which helps to preserve our land.

By tilling less, farmers are also able to conserve on the amount of fuel they would normally use. Crops enhanced by biotechnology offer significant environmental benefits

—not just for Canadian farmers, but for farmers around the world. The research is ongoing and the facts are there to be examined. If you want to learn more, we invite you to call us or visit our web site.

WWW.WHEATTECH.COM
1-800-980-4866

Canola

COUNCIL FOR
BIOTECHNOLOGY
INFORMATION



good ideas are growing

They said "I do." Now what?

Financial advice and guidance for those with more questions than answers.



1-800-436-3333 or www.tdcandatrust.com

TD Canada Trust

Banking can be this comfortable.

Business | >

out. The pressure to produce better returns pulls attention away from other important factors, such as long-term strategic thinking. If the payoff from a major, balance sheet-depleting investment is going to take 10 years, what do we tell the stockholders this year? Decision-making, by managers and board members, is excessively focused on maximizing ever-expanding returns—effectively to feed the insatiable shareholder man.

Then there's the impact of corporate decisions on other stakeholders, from the community to employees. In their shortsighted focus on instant returns, investors may be granting corporate actions that cause havoc or harm in their own backyards. Almost every year at the annual meeting of the Ontario Teachers' Pension Plan Board, a teacher or two will stand up and insist that the fund divest of certain investments considered unsuitable. But Claude Larivière, the board's CEO, always defends the pension fund's fiduciary duty to assert with the best return as its full objective. The managers don't make ethical calls, he says, just investment judgments.

Enron Corp. is almost too easy in point to as the poster company of shareholder value gone mad. This is an enterprise that, once its cover was blown, saw US\$68 billion in false equity evaporate. More than 4,200 employees lost their jobs, as well as their retirement savings held in company stock. What brought Enron down was the way it kept its books—whipping the numbers off the balance sheet in order to make its numbers look good, with the willing co-operation of auditors Arthur Andersen LLP. In other words, to make the company look more valuable. The executives, of course, continued to take up the company even as they quietly sold their shares at vastly inflated prices.

There are other examples of over-

Decision-making is focused on maintaining ever-expanding returns—effectively to feed the insatiable shareholder man.

wrought bids to improve shareholder value that are perfectly legal and much closer to home. One is the battle for control of Patricia Products International Ltd., which pitted local Newfoundland land against Bay Street power brokers. Last year, a group of institutional investors decided PPI could be managed more efficiently and make more money. The company, created in 1983 by the merger of small, mostly failing, fish plants, had been run by Vic Yauag, who'd managed to turn a profit at the company, although not at an enormous profit. Enter Paul John Riley, owner of Clearwater Fine Foods Inc., a major Nova Scotia-based seafood company. Riley managed to earn PPI's board and planned to cut 400 jobs out of roughly 1,300 when he merged the two companies. But the planned job cuts rate with vociferous outrage in Newfoundland's coastal communities. As the government prepared legislation to put new ownership limits on the company, efficiently running the merger, Riley called it off. In Newfoundland, protecting those jobs—and a way of life—was more important than slung out a few more percentage points of profit. It's an unusual victory.

There is a new, and for now limited, move afoot in the investment community to promote socially responsible investing. It has taken more than a decade to catch on, sparked largely by the 1997 report by the UN's Brundtland Commission on the environment and development. A few firms have created portfolios to invest in companies committed to sustainable development—and, according to the Conference Board of Canada, they tend to match or outperform their benchmarks. These portfolios made up a tiny portion of the overall market—at \$50 billion in assets in 2003, they accounted for only 3.2 per cent in Canada. In the U.S., the proportion is better, at 13 per cent. It's a start—and it's reassuring that this kind of investing makes as much, if not more, money than others. Still, it's not enough. There's nothing worse than risking money—unless it's invested in the exclusion of all else. As owners, shareholders have the power to insist that corporations take into account more than the immediate bottom line when decisions are made. They just haven't yet recognized the value in that.



All banks look after your money.

**The question is,
how well do they
look after you?**

Comfort can mean many things. The convenience of longer hours at more branches. Not having to fill out deposit and withdrawal

slips. Online banking that's easy to use. And above and beyond that's relevant and timely.

At TD Canada Trust, we believe banking can be this comfortable.

1-800-436-3333
www.tdcandatrust.com

TD Canada Trust

TRAPPED IN A GREAT BRAIN

Claire Minkley does calculus in her head. If only she could express her thoughts. People are trying to make that happen.

If I could read your mind, love
What a tale your thoughts could tell

JOHN MINKLEY DOUBTS his 18-year-old daughter, Claire, has ever heard Gorillaz' light-classic song. Some day, he says, he must play it for her. Claire loves music, he knows this to be true. Claire loves complex and beautiful things: the elegant structure of mathematics, the delicious puzzle of the origin of the universe, of God's role in that, and of her place within it. Claire, in her way, has said these things. But there is so much more to tell, if only somehow, he could read her mind. Many parents of an uncommunicative sort might wish the same. But John and his wife, Melinda, of the Victoria suburb of Oak Bay, B.C., along with an extended community of Vancouver Island scientists and academics known as the *Claire Project*, are actually working toward that goal. It is Claire, staring that fall at the nearby University of Victoria, who were that rationale of all.

Claire has "greater consciousness," a "delusion in one of her chromosomes," says John, a lawyer that caused a significant portion of her brain to develop unusually. Her condition resembles cerebral palsy. If she could stand, she'd be about four feet two. She weighs less than 35 pounds. Her muscles are spastic. "To move an arm, to shift her head, even to control the movement of her eyes is a slow-motion act of extreme will. Claire is unable to speak. You could fill this magazine with the things she can't do, but that list would tell you nothing about her. 'You body is a puzzle,' someone told her. 'No.' she replied, spelling her answer by the slow process of pointing to letters drawn on a board. 'My body is what I have to work with.'

What the *Claire Project* wishes to achieve is simple enough to explain: dif-

ficult to achieve. A brain given off measurable electrical signals. If Claire can be taught to control and vary the strength of her brainwave signals, these might be translated by computer into words on a screen or even a synthesized voice. Such technology already exists for those who, unlike Claire, have the dexterity to flick a switch or move their eyebrows or blow into a tube. The only part of Claire that is unique and supply and strengthen her brain. It must be taught to speak.

To do so, the Minkleys enlisted the University of Victoria Assistive Technology Team, a group of about 60 researchers, staff and volunteers who donate their expertise to developing devices for the disabled. A typical project is building a mechanism to allow a severely paralyzed woman to open and close her eyes, says Nigel Livingston, a professor of biology and director of the team. The *Claire Project* has ballooned into a major research effort. Livingston, who also has a special needs daughter, dangled the challenge of "getting a broadcast from her head" before volunteer Bill Hook, an informed 72-year-old California aerospace engineer living on Vancouver Island. "Can a person using just a simple electrical signal generated by your brainwave communicate with a computer?" asks Hook, who spent much of his career on the challenges of relaying signals through space. "Well that struck me as a communication problem so I because

Letter by painstaking letter, Claire dictated a note to Stephen Hawking, saying she didn't agree with the great physicist's theory of black holes

interested personally." Adding programming expertise are Jon Parment and Bob McDonald, members of the Minkleys' Anglican church and partners at Anthony Macleod Associates, a Victoria software company.

Claire's disability was apparent from birth, but since she never learned to recognize her limitations, her parents have moved heaven and earth to circumlocution in her way. Melinda, a B.C. government public servant, reads reading picture books to Claire when she was about three, with the dawning realization that Claire was pointing to words, not pictures. By Grade 5, picture books were replaced by such weighty reads as *A Brief History of Time*, by Stephen Hawking. At the end of each chapter, she'd spell out elements to her dad. At the end of the book, she wrote the author a five-paragraph letter, spelled out at the painful rate of 15 words an hour. "I enjoyed reading your book," she told one of the world's great theoretical physicists, "but I don't agree with your theory of black holes." Hawking, whose mobility is severely impaired by ALS (amyotrophic lateral sclerosis), thanked her for her "very perceptive" observations. "I understand you have similar difficulties in communication, so I wondered if you might be helped by a computer system like mine," he wrote. "I enclose a description."

Claire does not have even the limited muscle control required to operate Hawking's communication system. Nor is it clear yet whether she will benefit from the *Claire Project*, though it seems likely others will. The problem in part comes from her difficulty generating and controlling the kind of periodic signals that can form the basis of a communication system. Her muscle spasms create so much electrical noise, it's hard to identify her brainwaves—rather like static overwhelm-



Claire's dad, John, puts an electrode-studded cap on her head for an exercise in controlling her brainwaves (left); as Claire's sister, Lucy, plays a video game nearby, their mother, Melinda, helps her settle down for her midday rest



ing a weak AM radio signal. "It's not been as successful with Clare as we'd hoped," says Livingston.

While work to help Clare continue, the research has expanded to include some stroke victims and four people who, like Hawking, have ALS. The usual course of ALS is a progressive loss of muscle control: arms, legs, voice box, fingers, eyebrows and finally eye movements. Hawke says the ALS test subjects have generated the kind of periodic brain signals that should let them communicate in their quadriplegic disorders. There is potential, too, for reflexes paralyzed by disease or spinal injury, says Hawke. "An active mind being trapped in a useless body is a horrible thing." The research "looks very encouraging," he says, but the key to Clare's mind remains elusive.

The need for efficient communication took on new urgency when Clare earned admission to university, where she'll study physics and math this fall. She was an A-student at Oak Bay High School, attending every class with Mount Batten, her student assistant. It is Batten who wheeled her to class, held her notebook, recorded the answers Clare pointed to on boards filled with letters or numbers and mathematical symbols, and helped find the student ways to demonstrate her knowledge. "Clare pretty much absorbed the information," Batten says. "I just took the notes and checked with her to make sure she understood it." Clare completed her heavy Grade 12 course load over two years. The challenge is surely in understanding the work, it is in sharing her knowledge, a difficulty that will only increase at university.

Still, she earned almost 100 per cent this year in advanced placement calculus. "It can be really difficult for her," says her teacher, James Bell. "So much needs to be done in her head." Through the frustration, he says, "four mind's working. It's working better than most kids' can, but you can't get that across very easily."

THEY'RE A STEREO in Clare's bedroom, set next to a sofa nesting dolls. There is perfume and makeup and a few panty novels. There are books on astronomy, a 1980s science-fiction novel, *Contact*, by Carl Sagan, about decoding the voices of distant galaxies. There are weighty tomes on the theories of cosmic origins. "I think under-



Clare returns with a period of meditation before starting her mental exercises at her last high-school calculus class (top)

standing the origin of the universe is very essential to understanding God's creation," she informed Hawking at a press conference 11 years ago. This grand mystery of existence is a passion she'll pursue at university, as others puzzle over the origins of Clare.

She sits in her room on a perfect spring afternoon, trying to rouse the hazy-eyed sounds of her energetic nine-year-old sister Lucy and a friend to play. She is wearing an electrode-secured gold cloth cap that is wired to a laptop computer. "Feel your self moving into your meditation place,"

her father says in his patient, gentle voice. The brainwaves are tracked on the screen in various ways: in the jumping bars of a graph, in a wavy, ragged line of peaks and valleys, and in a flowing sinusus wave. "Relax now," John says, "and reduce the signal." He points to change in her brain wave pattern, something she's doing with more consistency than working with an expert in meditation. Success is just a question of time, he says firmly, watching the cryptic thoughts of his daughter dance on the screen.

Clare describes her dilemma this way: "Pretend that you are playing the piano and you can't make a sound. That's how I feel." Through working to help her, she says, "Thank you so much for trying to put sound to my noise."



It's time to give your copier a performance review. Will it print colour scans fast and copy? Does it work well with other machines on your network? Can you count on it if the internet is out, you need to find a more reliable replacement or HP Multifunction Printer? By combining four machines in one, an MFP will allow you to do more with less. It can even scan documents and e-mail them in one step if you have an internet connection. For the MFP's credentials visit www.hp.ca/4in1 or call 1-866-536-4MFP. These days, a copier that will only copy just isn't working hard enough for your business.



RUNNING FOR LEADER?

Health Minister Anne McLellan says she may decide to throw her hat in the ring

NEW HEALTH MINISTER Anne McLellan is in the headlines with her proposed legislation on reproductive technologies—and confesses heron she may run against Paul Martin for the Liberal leadership. She sat down in her Ottawa office, overlooking the river, for a long chat.

AF: Why did you go into politics?

AM: Politics is in the bone, as you know. And my family are Liberals. Right? As you know, in Nova Scotia where I grew up, you are a Liberal or a Tory. My father worked in the local Liberal Party. My mother was a county councillor and deputy mayor where we lived. So, I was always around people who talked about politics and cared about politics. I was a member of the Young Liberals at Dalhousie and involved in Gerry Regan's first campaign when he became premier in 1970.

AF: Did he teach you how?

AM: No. No. Let me be categorical about that.

AF: What made you run?

AM: I sort of decided by '92—by that time I was teaching environmental law in Edmonton—that what I enjoy in politics is the policy stuff. The group of people, largely women, come and said, 'Why don't you think about running in Edmonton NorthWest? We'll get an organization together.' Nobody knew what Brian Mulroney was doing, he hadn't left that point. We started campaigning with election day, Oct. 25, 1993. We won into this net expecting to win. Because we hadn't elected a Liberal in Alberta since '71. But with the collapse of the Conservatives, by the last week we knew that was a race between us and Reform. In our wildest dreams, we still didn't think we could win. On election night, I was by one vote. Closest race in the country.

AF: Landslide Anne.

AM: I was sitting there with one vote. The judicial review hadn't taken place. I got a

phone call on Sunday saying, 'We would like you to come to Ottawa. The PM would like to talk to you.'

AF: Did he in fact appoint you before the race?

AM: No. Tuesday morning I saw the PM and he asked me to become the Minister of Natural Resources. Um. Although I was from Alberta, my background was obviously not in the oil and gas industry. I said, 'Well, look, Prime Minister, I haven't won this thing—judicial review.'

By Wednesday afternoon, I had been locked in my hotel room long enough. It was raining. It was piling back and forth and I said, 'This is it. This is going to go off and buy myself a new suit.' At 11 p.m., I got the call. 'You won by 12 votes.' I called my partner, John. I said, 'John, catch the red eye and come to the swearing-in.' He got to Ottawa at 7:30 a.m., had a shower, and we went off to Rideau Hall.

AF: You are not married?

AM: I have a partner.

AF: Have you ever been married?

AM: No.

AF: You don't have children?

AM: I have a stepdaughter, Jessie, who is 21. My partner John and I have been together for 15 years.

AF: Am I allowed to ask how old you are?

AM: No, I'm 51. And we have a dog, Sam. A spaniel. Do you want to see a picture?

AF: Of course.

AM: Anyway, we live in Edmonton. John teaches at the law school and my stepdaughter is an education student at the University of Alberta.

'There is no leadership race, Jean Chrétien is the Prime Minister for as long as he wants to be. I believe that profoundly.'

AF: You have been together for 13 years. Why didn't you get married?

AM: Just never seemed important.

AF: Does the too hot that is Question Period—did that stand you, when you first got into it?

AM: I remember any that question came from Preston Manning, and it was about the carbon tax. And 10 years later, the Alliance will throw up the damned carbon tax, but I have a kind of spot in my heart for Preston. He had called to give me notice he was going to ask that question. I thought it was very decent. He didn't have to do that.

AF: Who gives you the roughage time across the floor?

AM: I have had a lot of critics, in my three portfolios [Natural Resources, Justice, Health]. A man who is now leaving the Bloc Québécois, Michel Bellehumeur, to run for the PQ. I ran into him in the elevator and I said to him, 'Good luck.' He asked good questions and thoughtful questions. John Reynolds was my critic for a while and asked good questions. John knows how to ask a question.

AF: Are you in the Martin camp or the Chrétien camp?

AM: I, uh, look. I am going to tell you what we all should do and you are going to get tired of hearing it. There is no leadership race. The Prime Minister is the Prime Minister for as long as he wants to be. I believe that profoundly.

AF: Do you think he is going to run again?

AM: That is up to him to decide.

AF: Maybe for his wife to decide.

AM: Well, maybe. I think that kind of a decision would be a family decision. Um. As long as he wants to stay prime minister ...

AF: Doesn't your partner, if he says he's taking up a position at the University of B.C., sit down with you and discuss?

AM: We try to keep our opinions open and act on some flexibility in terms of making our decisions.

AF: Of course. The leadership race is not open. That's it's done come open, you would probably be on the Martin side?

AM: Unless I run myself.

Allan Potheringham appears every other issue. apotheringham@macmillanbooks.ca



*Whatever you make,
Italian innovation makes it better.*



Italy brings a 500-year heritage of creativity and innovation to manufacturing – a culture no other industrialized nation can match. When you buy Italian machinery, you're entering a partnership with the world's most highly skilled designers, engineers, and manufacturers – all of whom are dedicated to productivity. Instead of simply selling you a machine, we'll work with you to create a custom solution that will guarantee greater efficiencies on your production line – and year-below-the-line. Whatever products your company makes, you can make them better with Italian machinery. To learn how we can work together, call 1-888-ITALTRADE or visit us at www.italtrade.com.



**Machines
Italia™**

Turning innovation into productivity.



THE LIVIN' IS QUEASY

Summertime is finally upon us—after a joyless spring in the stock market

WHAT IS SO RARE as a day in June when the weather is fair and the U.S. dollar and U.S. stocks go up? June has joined April and May in the bad weather/bad market category, making this a joyless spring. What once looked like a new bull market has sprouted some hair and claws. As market historians know, this kind of plunge has never—not once—occurred during the first year of an economic recovery.

For those of us who proclaimed the birth of a bull, this is a doomsday harbinger. Although my enthusiasm never reached the stratospheric consumer, I did go to a neutral position on stocks, as equity bonds, an equity recommended asset mix for U.S. institutional investors, an equity exposure modestly higher than I had been recommending since 1999.

As foolish readers may assume, I was bullish about Canadian equities in general (except for tech stocks), with the emphasis on golds, base metals and oils. Although the resource stocks have performed well, the rest of the market has been dragged down by the despair emanating from the south Bay Street (during the better than Wall Street, but there is no point referring on equity dooms).

When the stock market does something it has never done before, strategists are naturally confused. We work by using historical analogies and precedents, on the Mark Twain principle, history doesn't repeat itself, but it sure does rhyme.

It all seemed so clear. The Federal Reserve had dashed its key lending rate to a mere 1.75 percent—the lowest level in 40 years. The federal government's fiscal position had swung from modest surplus to big deficit. Consumer spending on houses and cars had held up throughout the brief recession, and was continuing strong. Abroad, central banks had also been stimulative, and economies were picking up. Inflation was at low levels that would encourage central banks to remain market-friendly. Ergo, the U.S. was going

to have a good recovery that would last for years. Stocks were therefore a buy.

Yes, there was that troubling warning of the war on terror, but it was also going well. The Taliban had been annihilated in Afghanistan, and the Talibanists of Pakistan had been arrested. Osama bin Laden was no longer issuing new videotapes in which he coaxed over the slough of fascism men, women and children, raising the possibility that he was already in hell. However, the suicide bombings continued in Israel, and that came word of the arrest of an American convert to radical Islam who, we were told, was planning to release "dirty bombs" that would spray nuclear material, killing and contaminating on a scary scale.

As the stock market continued to slide, Wall Street's drumbeaters, shills and mouthpieces said it was the terrorist's fault. Blaming bad guys is easier than admitting you screwed up. Although Islamic terrorists have much to answer for, it is useful to blame them for the bear market. As Churchill stated, "If you have to kill a man, it costs nothing to be polite."

The doomsaying stock market comes from (1) a lack of conviction in corporate behavior and accounting character, (2)

the general overvaluation of U.S. stocks, particularly techs, and (3) the bear market for the U.S. dollar itself.

Back when Bill Clinton was president and the stock market was the wonder of the world, top economists were mediocres. They were the geniuses who were making the economy boom and busting.

Wall Street's shills and mountebanks said it was the terrorists' fault. Blaming bad guys is easier than admitting you screwed up.

ordinary Americans' brokerage accounts and pension plan. Since then, we have learned that many of these houses were shysters who enriched themselves at the expense of public investors. Gary Winnick, for example, made US\$735 million out of Global Crossing in the three years before it went bankrupt. Larry Ellison made US\$8706 million in stock option profits from Oracle in a year its stock tanked. Dennis Kozlowski of Tyco seems to have spent a disproportionate amount of his time and the company's money raiding users as personal purchases. And the list goes on.

A key component of these stories of insider socialist and corporate coldhags has been earnings accounting. Some of it (such as Enron's) was downright fraudulently, but most of the money investors lost came from reliance on earnings reports that used what was euphemistically termed "aggressive accounting." The previous aggressiveness came in failure to show very costs for the stock options that were masking insiders rich beyond the dreams of Croesus.

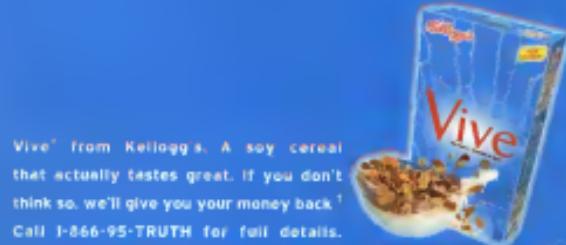
The second big problem is the generally high prices for U.S. stocks, even after they were marked down in the sell-off. According to the folks at Standard & Poor's, if the S&P 500 were a stock worth its market value in dollars, it would now be earning annual profits of \$36, once the costs of stock options are included. That means that when the S&P was trading at the seemingly depressed level of 1,600, it sported a bull market price-earnings ratio (1,600/36) of 28. (Even if you accept the earnings reports issued by the 500 companies, the index is reported to earn just \$5, making the p/e 32—expensive, perhaps, but certainly not bear-bondedly impudent.)

Thirdly, there is the dollar's decline. Popping up an expensive and venue-challenged market is especially difficult when your currency is itself in trouble, as when foreigner look on both the currency and the stocks. Global investment managers don't stay in business long by getting both these key variables wrong.

Three strikes and you're out—of money, surefireline, and the investment isn't iniquity.

Donald Coke's column appears every week. donaldcoker.com

We'll put OUR money where YOUR mouth is.



Vive® from Kellogg's. A soy cereal that actually tastes great. If you don't think so, we'll give you your money back.*

Call 1-866-95-TRUTH for full details.

THE TRUTH IS IN THE BOX.

© 2002 Kellogg Company. All rights reserved. *Offer valid 7/1/02-8/31/02. Limit one claim per household.



TEROR AND THE PORTS

Haphazard security and the grip of the crime families alarm a Senate committee

IF ITS FINDINGS WERE NOT SO grim, the Standing Senate Committee on National Security and Defence would be considered charmingly offbeat. For more than a year, its members have traveled the country across the states, inspecting security procedures at the nation's perimeter. At just about every stop, members have listened patiently while an Ottawa bureaucrat, flown in specially for the hearing, has offered bland assurances about safety: everything is fine, nothing to worry about. Then they have persistently, and occasionally privately, met with the "real" people: police forces on the ground, union members, customs inspectors. And they have uncovered chilling glimpses of haphazard security—and the very real potential for dual between organized crime and terrorism. "We Canadians have been living in a dream world," says Conservative Senator Michael McGeer. "But the real world is a more dangerous place."

Clearly, although the committee is prying into everything from the condition of military equipment to cyber threats, it has made its most unsettling discoveries in the port. In Vancouver, an intelligence analyst testified that, after initial, Russian gangsters and anti-terrorists have infiltrated the docks. But, as the committee's auditors note, port officials view security measures as "expensive and time-consuming." In Halifax, a senior police officer estimated that 39 per cent of the longshoremen have criminal records. In Montreal, police reckoned that 15 per cent of the stevedores have criminal records—of 36 per cent of workers who check cargo containers. But according to the union supplying the dock workers, "most are sponsored by leaders who are sometimes members of crime families and their friends." The committee's auditors add that port authorities in all three cities are in a state of denial about organized crime. "We have been absolutely shocked by what we have heard," says Liberal Senator Colin Kenny,

the committee's chairman. "What became apparent is that there was a whole under-ground system of governance in some ports which the police were aware of—but did not have the resources to address."

The committee was so disturbed by its findings that it has, tabled last February, called for a judicial inquiry into port security "as soon as possible." Kenny points out that a van in a cargo container could easily accommodate several nuclear devices, which could be set off with a cellphone. But, even after the Sept. 11 terrorist attacks, port authorities believe their chamber of commerce president, concentrating on the efficiency of their operations. "We did not go to the ports as crime butlers," Kenny says. "But it is due to the fact where organized crime is flourishing, terrorism has a welcome bedfellow."

Gates will probably not call an inquiry. But the government must produce an official response to the committee's brutal 18 recommendations this fall. It asks the RCMP to pay more attention to the ports, partly due to the committee's findings. And they point out that last December's budget set aside \$60 million over the next five years for improved port and marine security. Since the attacks, three Canadian ports have also agreed to allow U.S. customs officials to inspect cargo bound for U.S. ports. Canada has received similar privileges in two U.S. ports. But customs inspectors have limited resources at a minimum, they can check only three per cent of container traffic.

So security in the port itself must be

Chairman Kenny points out that a van in a cargo container could easily hold several nuclear devices, which could be set off with a cellphone

minimally increased. After all, assessments are only as reliable as the people who hold them. As a trading nation, Canada would be devastated if cargo traffic were paralyzed because of a terrorist incident. We have to move fast—because the U.S. is moving very fast. In early June, the House of Representatives passed a bill allowing the Coast Guard to deny entry to any ship that does not meet security standards or comes from a port which has anti-terrorist procedures. The architect of this approach, retired U.S. Coast Guard commander Stephen Flynn, points out that four private terminal operators account for 45 per cent of global container movement. "Clearly, their incentive to comply is that they need the system not to go into gridlock," he says. "Then their whole life could come to a halt."

Even those precautions are only a first step—because determined terrorists often find ways to thwart port security. Better intelligence would deter them before they even get near the ports. But, as the committee notes, Ottawa has done little to consolidate authority over its intelligence units, overworked units in the Privy Council Office analysis division is many as 15 agencies. It's hard to grasp the big picture. The committee calls for a national security policy that would outline the roles of all levels of government. "I don't see any big ideas or much energy in Ottawa," says Wesley Wark, an espionage expert at Toronto's Munk Centre for International Studies. "We need to take a serious look at capability and organization, at command-level handling of intelligence."

In the meantime, Kenny's committee is busy gathering evidence for an inquest. In early May, members popped up into a border checkpoint in Prescott, Ont., taking the official on duty to describe his last refugee claimant. It was a woman who appeared to qualify, and the guard, so he let her into Canada. Her hearing would be in 2004. He had no idea where she was. The committee is also focusing its attention on major airports, checking out rumors that Bella Angels members are involved in the delivery of some services. "We just go through things very by story," says Kenny, "and ask the dumb questions." It is some answers that deserve that epithet. ■

Mary Jangan's column appears every other issue. jangan.macleans.ca



This round is for those who actually enjoy playing in the sand.

Although it's played on the golf course, the Altamira Charity Challenge is more about children than golf. We've raised over \$3.5 million for children's charities but we're not quite satisfied yet. Join us on July 8 at the Toronto Board of Trade Country Club for our eighth year and a very different kind of golf game.

'I'M VERY PROUD OF THE CBC'

Explaining Canada to Canadians is as important as ever, the president argues

AS JOBS GO, it isn't an easy one. Since Robert Rubinowitch became president and CEO of the CBC in November, 1998, he has fought with the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission over programming, presided over continuing staff layoffs, and endured critics at both the English and French arms of the national broadcaster. Then there's the increasingly fragmented media universe, and the ongoing challenge of defining the CBC's role in it at a time when some private broadcasters are calling for the plug to be pulled on funding for the *Morning Show*. Rubinowitch has risen to the challenge. A respected veteran of both the private and public sectors—he was deputy manager of communications from 1982 to 1985, and executive vice-president and chief operating officer at the Montreal-based private investment company Chardigny Inc.—Rubinowitch recently spoke to Maclean's Editor Anthony Wilson Smith about the CBC and its future.

Everyone loves to either love the CBC or hate the CBC.
Or both at the same time.

IN THE WAKE OF Sept. 11, there was a stream of criticism over a televised Town Hall in which participants were very critical of the U.S. It led to renewed suggestions that CBC coverage is too polarized.

Canadians turn to us after the events of Sept. 11 and stayed with us both in English and in French because we give the Canadian perspective. I think that Town Hall was a classic case of a bad program where sometimes you lose certain aspects of control. Some of the audience didn't play by the rules. They were told, "There is an opportunity for your different opinions—we're not going to censor you, but please don't yell or hiss." Some people did. Overall, I'm very proud of the CBC—I feel it did a superb job.

HOW MUCH SHOULD POPULARITY RATINGS MATTER FOR CBC TELEVISION AND RADIO?

You look at ratings, no question—it's an indication of how you reach people. But my philosophy is that we're not out to win the race of a dial meter. We're out to do quality programs, distinctive from what you get on other channels.

SOUREZ-VOUS A DES CHANGEMENTS MATERIELS AU CBC?
Some changes under discussion at CBC Radio seem aimed at abandoning a segment of Canadian society not well-served by the private sector—an older, older rural audience—and replacing current fare with new programming aimed at a younger urban audience that already has lots of choices. Is that the plan?

No. Right now we're in a position of strength in radio, both English and French. We've worked about the demographic we have, but that doesn't mean we want to abandon it. We have to build from that demographic and reach out to more people in the 35- to 65-year-old age group, and freshen up our programs.

IS YOUR COMMITMENT TO SPORTS COVERAGE AS STRONG AS EVER?

Not at all, but it will be a very significant part of our programming. Professional sport has been reduced, but I don't think it will be reduced any more. And we are going to keep pushing the amateur sports—we see the ones who do amateur sports—see the ones who do amateur sports 52 weeks of the year.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF DON CHERRY?

There are times when I'm not happy, because I'm not sure he is consistent with what a public broadcaster should be doing. There are times when I'm impressed by the depth of his knowledge. And I wish he would stick to that. He is very knowledgeable. He's also courageous.

ARE THERE ALWAYS NUMEROUS THAT POLITICIAN PHONE IN TO SAY THE CBC MUSCLE-KEEPS CERTAIN SHOWS. HOW OFTEN DOES THAT HAPPEN?

Never. A lot of people around Ottawa like CBC Radio's *The Matrix*, but never do I get interactions saying, "Keep it." It just doesn't work that way. Never have I had anyone call and say, "I was very upset with your report last night on *The National*." There is a respect in Ottawa for independent public broadcasting.

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU DON'T LIKE A SHOW OR HEAR THAT THERE MAY BE PLANS TO GET RID OF SOMETHING YOU LIKE?
I don't do programming. But you wouldn't believe me if I said I don't have any influence. I talk about things, about programs or people on the air, but it's just an opinion.

AT THE OUTSET, YOU EXPRESSED ENTHUSIASM FOR GETTING RID OF THE SIX O'CLOCK LOCAL NEWS. THAT HAVEN'T HAPPENED. IS THAT A CHANGE OF PHILOSOPHY OR DEFEAT FOR YOU?

Our objective was to find a different form of programming and to look objectively at our performance and what we could do that was different. We came up with a new package, a national newscast at 6 o'clock out of Vancouver that is unique in terms of structure. We have a lot more regional news on that national newscast than ever before—it's a different type of program. We'll have to keep working and trying and building our model. But we are committed to making that newscast work. We think there is a gap here and there that wants it.

HOW MUCH OF THE PRIVATE SECTOR DO YOU WATCH?

I got into trouble when I first made this job. Somebody asked me what was my favorite program and I said *Law & Order*. I almost so much that I find my watching is quite limited. But you have to know what's working on the other side and get used for it. So I watch *Law & Order* and other programs when I get a chance.

MASES ZINNBERG OF GLOBTV SAYS THAT IF PRIVATE BROADCASTERS HAD ACCESS TO THE HIGH



PHOTOGRAPH BY PATRICK MCKEE/SHUTTERSTOCK

There are five good reasons to choose State Farm.[®]

HERE'S REASON #2

WE'RE HUMAN



At State Farm, we care about our communities as well as the people in them. After all, that's what being a Good Neighbour is all about. Our agents and employees are hands on in their support of children's health education and safety aware. It makes sense, given the value we place on the things you cherish most, but we're proud of our involvement nonetheless.

To find out more about State Farm's commitment to the well-being of your community, or to locate the agent nearest you, visit us at statefarm.ca.



LIKE A GOOD NEIGHBOUR,
STATE FARM IS THERE[™]

State Farm Life Insurance Company • Canadian Life and Health Insurance • Available only in Ontario, Alberta and Nova Scotia.

WE'RE

post of public money the CBC gets for Canadian programming, they'd do just as well, or better.

You have to consider the economics of broadcasting Americans during a significant amount of product from Canada—and that dampened, because it costs \$3 million to produce an hour-long program in the U.S., while Canadian broadcasters can buy it for, say, \$150,000. Now if you are going to replicate that program, it may cost you \$1 million to produce a Canadian program, instead of the \$150,000 it could cost to buy that American program, and you may get only \$60,000 or \$100,000 in ads, whereas the American program would get you \$350,000 in ads. So the economics say you're going to do Canadian programming. We at the CBC do it because it's our mandate.

There are often suggestions from private broadcasters that the CBC's funding model should be changed to be more like that of PBS or Ontario's TVO. Is that a possibility?

We've talked about the PBS model and it doesn't work. Advocates of the PBS model think the money all comes from funding, but they forget or don't know how much money comes from government: a very significant amount of PBS funding comes from the federal government, and from state and local government. Then they have a Roundtable structure understanding it. I heard from people at PBS that they raise a total of \$350 million annually. Put that into a Canadian context, a population of one-tenth the American population, and we'll be lucky to see \$35 million. And remember, PBS has no news coverage other than the Lehrer report. Basically they are not in that business.

Would you say that, as the media universe becomes more fragmented, the CBC becomes more important?

In a fragmented universe, it's the only entity that sets the responsibility of exploring one region to another. That is the design, not the accident—and we work at it. The number of people watching Canadian shows has gone down in the last couple of years, in terms of percentage—but our numbers have not.

Does everyone you meet think they would be a better president?

There are 30 million people in Canada with at least 35 million ideas [laughs]. And that's what makes it fun. It's like a Jewish synagogue, you know.

Can you formulate a model in which the CBC

would remain a public broadcaster with some private sector financial involvement?

No, I can't. Once you get into a shared model, a joint equity model, you have an obligation to drive return for the private sector. Once you are driving return, you begin to change your programming. At that point, you might as well privatize the whole thing.

How important is the Internet for the CBC's future?

It will be an integral part. You can see it more and more, especially with children's programming. We build the Internet component from the beginning, not something you add on. When I came here the Internet was in its infancy, and had its own budget. That was wrong—it had to be integrated with the program. The Internet is a delivery system—that's all it is. It gives you certain capabilities, certain abilities.

How much do you expect the broadcast environment to change?

I'm quite sure ownership patterns will change. I won't be surprised to see more U.S. ownership of the private sector. There will be a real division the government will have to make when it ultimately opens up telecom. And it will—it's only a matter of time. But when it opens up telecom, does it open up the whole group, including cable? Does it say to cable, "No, you've got to split off your programming part, and have a separate set of rules for that?" Or will they grab the whole group and have for the private sector regulations on Canadian content, and then move on from there? I don't know—but it's gonna be fun [laughs].

How long do you want to keep doing this?

It's too early to say. It will depend on my health, and my family. It's not an easy job, but I do love it. I believe that is the most important thing. It takes longer than five years to change a company that large.

Does everyone you meet think they would be a better president?

There are 30 million people in Canada with at least 35 million ideas [laughs]. And that's what makes it fun. It's like a Jewish synagogue, you know.

WE SEE YOUR NEED FOR
LIFE INSURANCE GROWING EVERY DAY.
WE LIVE WHERE YOU LIVE.[™]



As your family grows, so does your need for protection. From whole life insurance to term insurance, nobody helps you provide the protection like State Farm.

Call your State Farm agent, or visit us at statefarm.ca.



LIKE A GOOD NEIGHBOUR

STATE FARM IS THERE[™]

State Farm Life Insurance Company • Canadian Life and Health Insurance • Available only in Ontario, Alberta and Nova Scotia

not found this far north. Were the Norwegians referring instead to the plump berries that grow in abundance at L'Anse aux Meadows, the currents and boulders and purpleberries? The debate continues in rags, with much of a running on the translation of the word "vita." But it seems clear, to me anyway, that L'Anse aux Meadows was almost certainly the location of Leif Ericson's encampment, the same one that was abandoned and expanded upon by later Norse colonists. It's just common sense. L'Anse aux Meadows was found by following clues in ancient sagas that outlined the voyage of Leif Ericson. Now, what are the odds, what are the statistical probabilities, that—in using these close—archeologists would, by sheer coincidence, discover a completely different, previously unknown Viking site?

Keeping in mind that the sagas often conflate and combine different journeys into one, might it not be possible that the grapes referred to were actually found during later explorations of that same voyage? The evidence is there. At L'Anse aux Meadows, bannisters were unearthed. So? So, bannisters don't grow in Newfoundland. They do, however, grow in eastern New Brunswick, which also happens to be the northern range of wild grapes at about the time Leif was setting sail, interesting, no?

All of this suggests that L'Anse aux Meadows operated as a base camp, a gate way to the heart of Vinland. Leif landed here and sent out scouting missions. He and his men spent about a year in Vinland, with lots of time to probe the Gulf of St. Lawrence. We know they grew far as New Brunswick. We know that they found grapes. And we know that the Viking village at L'Anse aux Meadows was right where the sagas said it would be.

Was this where Leif Ericson first landed? Of course it is.

Today, a blue UN Big Map in the wind over the L'Anse aux Meadows reception centre. Designated a World Heritage Site by UNESCO, L'Anse aux Meadows remains, to this day, the only authentically built Viking site in North America.

I FLEW IN TO THE TOWN of St. Anthony on June 30, across a barren landscape of stunted forests and quicksilver streams. A

translucent marble, **Matterhorns on the move, the icebergs roll under the waves, they grind along the bottom of bays, they lurch to a dead stop, they melt themselves free**

out sliding up and in, like a hand waving goodbye. Like a hand breaking you in.

The whale vanishes and then reappears on the other side of the boat, having crossed steadily below us, a black shape in a greater sea. That something so large could disappear with such ease...

The owner of the boat is a young man, but his face is at once aged and curious. He grins, fair into the wind, as he turns his boat to shore, a harpoon of ice in the hold.

CANADA DAY at L'Anse aux Meadows. I have driven my sentries down to the sea—and done them into it. A lowlying mist has blanched the shore, miring the low-brown land and water, and I stare on the banks in the last minute, shuddering to a halt. No matter. I had out my tripod and set up my camera.

A pale glow is growing along the horizon. Somewhere across L'Anse aux Meadows? My Canadian soul is stirring.

I load my film and check my settings, hardly noticing the way the mist is creeping in. Without a sound, the entire Atlantic Ocean disappears into a canary fog. The landscape around me dissolves. It's getting brighter, but I can't find the sun—it's not even a tiny spotlight in the fog. Hell, I might as well have placed my head into a sack of flour for all the view I have. Frustrated, I begin madly cranking off shots every which way, not even sure if I am pointed in the right direction. I take two steps toward shore, camera blaring, and can't find my tripod when I turn back. It's a sea of soup, the land that swallowed it.

Shivering wet and dripping with condensation, I huddle in the shore, waiting for the fog to burn away. I can hear the waves, but I cannot see them. And I think of whales dicing just below the surface. I think of icebergs, nine tenths under. I think of villages that lie in silence for a thousand years, hidden in cold grass. I think of a history that runs deep, the ocean currents in a northern sea.

Will Ferguson is the author of *Canadian History for Dummies*, which won the 2001 *Canadian Authors Association Award for History*. He is also on the council of the History Foundation of Canada, a non-profit organization dedicated to promoting Canadian history.



**THE POWER TO TAKE
YOU AWAY FROM CIVILIZATION.
(OR, SEVEN SEATS TO BRING IT WITH YOU.)**

Introducing the all-new Chevy TrailBlazer EXT. Now the unrivaled power and dependability of Chevy TrailBlazer is available with an extra row of seats and more cargo space than ever. Seven-passenger seating, three more inches of headroom, and a 16-inch longer wheelbase make this the roomiest TrailBlazer ever. And with 270 horses, it's the most powerful SUV in its class.* See for yourself. Blaze a trail to your nearest Chevy dealer.

TRAILBLAZER  **CHEVY TRUCKS**

*Based on horsepower and the GM Midsize Utility Segment. (Excludes other GM vehicles. For more information, visit www.chevrolet.com or call 1-800-888-3333.)



Remembering Dubya

He seemed a natural leader even while at Yale

LIKE HIM OR NOT, it's increasingly difficult to remember the presidential coach George W. Bush, whose split-faced smirks and befuddled body language made him such an unconvincing target as *Will Ferrell* and the gang at *Saturday Night Live*. Quite simply, the month since Sept. 11 was a montage of one presidential moment after another. And although there have been similarities since, over the Middle East file and questions about who knew what and when concerning possible

terrorist attacks, his transformation is still remarkable, especially when I conjure up the image of the first time I laid eyes on the man who would become the 43rd president of the United States. It was 3½ decades ago, and at that very moment, he was remodeling the corner of the grandstand at one end of Palmer Stadium in New Jersey, celebrating the Yale Bulldogs' 29-7 triumph over the Princeton Tigers to win the Ivy League football championship. George Bush—he didn't seem to care the

"To the C students, I say you too can be president of the United States"

"We" in those days—was leading a crowd of exuberant Yaleans in the singing of "Bulldog, Bulldog, Bow Wow Wow," the school fight song penned by an alumnus named Cole Porter, Class of 1913. Bush was there cheering all of us in to help him tote the goal post down so we could each take home a piece of Yale football history.

When the Princeton police arrived on the scene, they clearly had no notion of allowing such blatant destruction of university property. They reached up, headed the future leader of the free world down from his perch and dragged him off the field. School legend has it that he was told charges would be dropped if he got out of Princeton by midterms.

That was November of 1967. Across America, the winds of change were howling everywhere, even at Ivy League universities. And so was George Bush and I were examples of the old and the new. He was a 21-year-old senior, a prep school graduate, the latest generation of an established Yale family—grandson of a former U.S. senator, son of a three-congressman destined to one day occupy the White House himself. I, on the other hand, was an obscure freshman football player from Canada, a scholarship kid who'd arrived in New Haven, that fall essentially oblivious to the fact that someone's blood could be blue.

But George Bush and I found a common ground. It was the fraternity named Delta Kappa Epsilon, though most Yales just called it Duke. I was not by nature a joker, but I knew about immediately that this was a place to which I wanted to belong. Perhaps it was because of the fraternity house itself, a bulldog block building in the geographical heart of Yale. Maybe it was because I was an athlete and Duke's membership included many of the university's sporting elite, among them swimmer Don Schollander, winner of four gold medals at the 1964 Olympics, and Cohen Hill, who in 1969 would become the first-round draft pick of the Dallas Cowboys. Or, I suppose, I might have wanted to join simply because Duke maintained the best bar in New Haven. As I was only 16, I did the math and realized that unless I flunked a year or two, I wasn't

likely to get a legal drink anywhere else before graduation.

And when I first found myself in that heady place, who was Duke's president? None other than George Bush. Bush then, like his father, was not residential, which meant Duke was primarily a social club. And Bush was in heart and soul. As president, he was the one responsible for upholding Duke's century-old observance (always capitalized for emphasis in fraternities and lineages): "Intellectual Excellence, Honest Friendship, Gentlemanly Self Respect and Manly in All Circumstances." Another long-standing tradition, of course, was Beer—upvalued for emphasis here by most. Democrats have pointed to a hasty quote, years later, that he couldn't "remember any kind of business" running his dive at Yale, though the war in Vietnam was then spiraling out of control and there were race riots just a few blocks from the Duke house in New Haven.

As notoriously rambunctious as Duke might have been, it was understood that if a member got belligerently drunk or made a really insensitive remark or threatened to get physical with a girlfriend, it would likely be George Bush who would pull him aside and let him know he was out of line. It is true, of course, that Bush himself was arrested one December night trying to make off with an over-sized holiday wreath from outside Macy's department store in downtown New Haven. But here it was. Christmas.

I also remember that in the time we were at Yale together, George Bush seemed to be a natural leader. Though he was neither an outstanding scholar nor a star athlete, he was one of the best known and best-liked students on the campus. Larry Davis, a fellow Duke member who went on to serve in the Clinton White House and support Al Gore for president, remembers Bush as "quicksighted, savvy, especially smart about judging and understanding people."

Though Yale students weren't able to formally join a fraternity until their second year, a number of us were invited to Duke on a semi-regular basis to freshman, getting to know members while—more to the point—they got to know us. All the while, there were frequent allusions to initiation night and the secret rituals that

would be reserved to us only then. When we dared to ask if those rites somehow involved the large, menacing branding iron with the letters "DKE" that hung over the fireplace, we got only silence and smiles.

But then came the morning when the *Yale Daily News* confirmed our darkest fears: The bad news, the school paper's investigation revealed, was that there was indeed branding at Duke. The good news was that through the branding iron, glowing red hot, was memorably displayed during the initiation ceremony, it was actually the tip of a brand iron hunger knife cut off that made contact with bare flesh. Simultaneously, the stage brand was plunged into a bucket of cold water to produce a blood-curdling screech. When the *New York Times* picked up the story, George Bush faced his first presidential crisis. He went into damage-control mode, describing the resultant burns as "unconscious," little more than a cognitive bias. "I can't understand," he was quoted as saying, "how the authors of the article can be so bought out to allow this type of pledging to go on at Yale."

Last May, George W. Bush returned to Yale to deliver the commencement address and to reflect upon his own college career. The President acknowledged that his path of intellectual discovery was not always rigorous, that there were professors who likely didn't remember him as a student and that there were, in fact, some times at Yale he couldn't remember either. Bush told the graduates: "To those who you received banquets, awards and distinctions, I say, well done. And to the C students, I say you too can be president of the United States."

But then he gave the Class of 2001 another, more philosophical message: that an academic degree is not the most important thing to be gained in life. "What matters most," he said, "are the standards you live by, the considerations you show others and the way you use the gifts you've been given." At the time, that seemed like a wise and witty delivery by a former C student. Now, it all sounds quite different.

Bob Morrow, originally from Ottawa, is a New York City-based correspondent on NBC's *Today*.

2002 TECH CAREERS
LISTING only in

CANADIANBUSINESS.COM

WILL YOU
BE READY
WHEN
HIGH-TECH
HEATS UP?

Companies need employees with specialized skills. Industry sectors such as security, defense and bio-technology need high-tech trainers to suit their specific needs.

Whether you are looking for the right education or the right employer, you'll find it in our 2002 Tech Careers Listing. With complete course offerings for every college and university, it's the only resource tool of its kind in Canada.

WWW.CANADIANBUSINESS.COM
TECHED



CANADIAN
BUSINESS

ROGERS



LOST—AND FOUND

When my father died, I wasn't even sure I'd go to the funeral. It's lucky I did.

IT ALL STARTED with a phone call from my Uncle John in Regis, last January, notifying me of my father's death. My father had been estranged, for lack of a better term, from my immediate family for over 40 years.

I had only been in contact with him twice over the intervening years since my parents' separation, which happened when I, the youngest of four kids, was just one and a half. The first time came when my wife and I travelled through Western Canada visiting friends and relatives in the summer of 1996. We arrived unannounced in his small Saskatchewan town, population around 100 or so at that time. I stopped a man on the street for directions and he pointed out my grandparents' trailer across the street.

We were warmly received by my father's parents. While we were visiting, my grandfather looked out the window, jumped up and said there was somebody he thought I should meet. He moved out the door and came back with the man who had given us directions. My grandfather then introduced me to my father.

It was a brief and awkward meeting for both of us. We'd had no contact for almost two decades. I didn't really have much to say and neither did he.

The following year, the younger of my two sisters and her infant son were killed when their vehicle was head-on by a drunk driver. My father phoned and spoke to my mom but he was unable to attend the funeral service.

My second and final meeting with him was at his own father's funeral in the summer of 1986. At the reception after the service, my mother brought him over to speak with my sister and me. This was it. 15 minutes of communication in 40 years.

After being notified of my father's death, I was uncertain about whether to attend the funeral. I spoke with my mother, my brother and my sister—as one due planned

to go. On the day before I had to leave, I was still undecided. My two daughters had both recently done some family tree research at school and they had wondered why we had no cousins with my father and his side of the family. They had been intending to follow up my family history for years and that presented an opportunity. I also felt that someone from my family, distant and out of touch as we were, should attend my father's funeral. I booked my flight from Vancouver.

I arrived the afternoon before the service and was visiting at my uncle's when he received a phone call. On hanging up, he told me my father had a daughter from another relationship and that she called had been my younger half-sister, Cheryl. She wanted to know if it was all right for her to attend the funeral. I told my uncle that I'd happily like to meet her. I spent that evening gathering some pieces of my family's puzzle.

The day of the service I was looking forward to meeting my father's family again, and especially that new sibling. I was truly

a stranger at a stranger's funeral. Yet the name Cheryl rolled in with her husband and son. I knew who she was. After we were introduced, one of her first questions was what kind of relationship I had had with our father. It turned out that this chapter of our life stories was almost identical. Our father had evaded both our lives when we were still children. Different place, different time, same result.

After the ceremony, I sat with Cheryl and her family and we talked about our lives. She had been in touch with our father for a while as an adult. He had told her that four other siblings existed, but she had no details and continued to be confused about who was who. All four of our names entered: De-Debora, Deniz, Denra and Denell. I wrote out my family's names, blocklines and other information on the only available paper, a napkin. During this brief time together I realized I wanted to continue this relationship.

Over the next several weeks, Cheryl and I exchanged e-mails, phone calls, family pictures and other information. I had contacted my mom, sister and brother to give them the good-news part of the story. None of them had any idea that Cheryl existed, but they were all receptive to her contact them.

A month after our first meeting, Cheryl told me she wanted to come out and spend some time with that new family. She felt strongly it was something she had to do, and I couldn't say no. I was a little apprehensive about what we would do to fill the time.

Aunty Cheryl arrived and was an instant hit at my house. We went to Vancouver Island to visit my mom and sister and again she settled in as a regular part of the family. The rest of the visit flew by Cheryl and I friendly exchanged a lifetime of information in those six days. I have since learned that reunions of long-lost relatives don't always go well and some are abject failures. For me, the risk has been far out weighed by the reward. I lost a father I never really had and I gained a sister who has become more a part of my life in that short time than he had been in four decades. Go figure.

Patricia L. Taylor is a management accountant in the Vancouver office of KPMG MNP. Cheryl works as a communications coordinator in Regis. To comment, email patricia.taylor@kpmg.com.



If You Own or Operate a Commercial, Residential or Public Building Constructed With Asbestos-Containing Products or Have Other Claims Against W. R. Grace

Your Claims Must Be Filed By March 31, 2003

W. R. Grace, its predecessors, subsidiaries, and other related entities ("Grace") have filed for protection under Chapter 11 of the U.S. Bankruptcy Code. The Bankruptcy Court has ordered that all individuals and entities with Asbestos Property Damage Claims or certain Other Claims against Grace must file these claims on or before March 31, 2003 ("Bar Date").

Who is Affected by this Notice?

Asbestos Property Damage Claims

Individuals and entities that own or manage commercial, public and high-rise residential buildings that have asbestos-containing products may be affected including dorms, hotels, government buildings, theaters, airports, charities, and other public facilities.

Asbestos Property Damage Claims include, among other claims, the cost of removal, the diminution of property value or economic loss, etc., caused by asbestos in products manufactured by Grace or from vermiculite mined, milled, processed, or sold by Grace.

Other Claims

Other Claims include individuals and entities with claims other than Asbestos Property Damage Claims. These include general unsecured trade claims, contract claims, environmental claims, and Medical Monitoring Claims which allege no current personal injury, but significant exposure to Grace asbestos or vermiculite products requiring the claimant to be examined medically or tested to detect possible future injury.

What Types of Products are Involved?

Grace Asbestos-Containing Products

Grace produced and marketed vermiculite products containing asbestos primarily to the commercial construction industry.

From 1959 to 1973, Grace marketed Mono-Krete 3 (MK-3), an asbestos-containing, wet, spray-applied fireproofing product used to provide fire protection for the enclosed steel structures of large buildings. Other Grace products included Zonolite Acoustical Plaster, and other acoustical plaster and texture products used primarily on interior ceilings and walls.

Grace Vermiculite Products

Grace mined, produced and marketed vermiculite products, some which may have contained naturally occurring asbestos. The products were sold to the building construction, agricultural/horticultural and consumer markets. These products included Monokote Fireproofing, Zonolite Concrete Roof Decks and Zonolite Masonry Insulation.

How do I file a claim?

To preserve your claim, you must file the appropriate Proof of Claim Form with the Claims Agent so that it is received by March 31, 2003. Failure to file a Proof of Claim Form by the Bar Date may result in your claim not being considered for payment.

This is a Summary Notice only. For complete information including the Claims Bar Date Notice, Proof of Claim Forms, instructions for filing a claim, a list of Grace asbestos-containing products, and a list of Grace entities write to: Claims Agent, Re: W. R. Grace & Co. Bankruptcy, P. O. Box 1620, Faribault, MN 55021-1620, or call:

1-800-432-1909 or visit www.graceclaims.com



The Greatest Outdoor Show

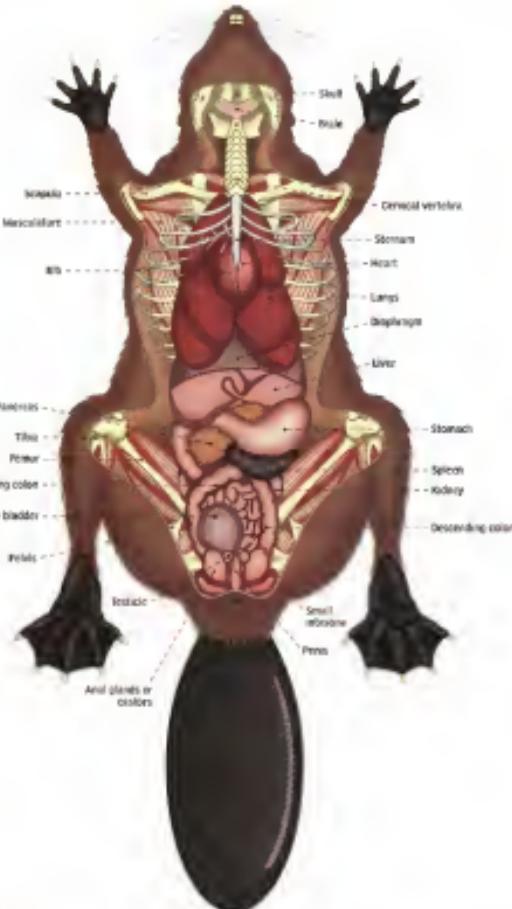
Over the years, the Stampede has brought Calgary 'Christmas in July'

ROD WARREN REMEMBERS vividly the first time he competed professionally at the Calgary Stampede. It was 1989 and Warren, a 21-year-old greenhorn from the northern Alberta community of Valleyview, found himself in the company of riders he had idolized while growing up. "It was pretty amazing," recalls Warren. "There were all these world and Canadian champions, and so much history and tradition about the place." Warren, now 34, is the reigning Canadian All Around

Champion (his events are saddle bronc riding and steer wrestling) and spends up to 10 months of the year travelling the North American rodeo circuit, from Southern Florida to northern Alberta. He competes in about 100 rodeos, but the Stampede remains his favourite. "Calgary brings together the top horse and the top riders," says Warren. "It's the best rodeo you're going to see."

It was inevitable that the Calgary Stampede, which marks its 85th anniversary on July 3,

has always been in a league of its own. When it began in 1912, 23,000 spectators (the population of Calgary was only 45,000 at the time) crowded around an oval arena at the confluence of the Bow and Elbow rivers to watch more than 150 competitors from Western Canada and the United States vie for a piece of the largest rodeo purse ever offered—\$20,000 in gold. The crowd witnessed a pageant of horse breaking, calf roping and steer wrestling, the likes of which had never



before been assembled. From the owner, the event bore a bountiful harvest: "The Greatest Outdoor Show On Earth."

The man who gave it that moniker was a dastardly promoter by the name of Guy Weadick. Born in Rochester, N.Y., in 1885, Weadick fell in love with the romance of the range and, at 16, left home and carboused his way west to Montana. Along the way, he experienced some of the earliest rodeos, which turned cowboys' sleds such as breaking wild horses to the saddle, roping cattle and rounding up steer into a sporting spectacle. Some of the events also found their way into the flatty "Wild West" shows put on by the likes of William "Buffalo Bill" Cody for the amusement of early settlers across North America and Europe.

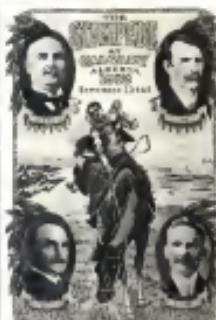
Weadick joined the Wild West show circuit, where he met his future wife, Grace Bessell, a trick rope rider who performed under the name of Anna LaDue. Together, they toured the vaudeville halls and circuses of England, continental Europe, Russia—and, finally, Western Canada. After arriving in Calgary in the spring of 1912, Weadick proposed staging a tribute to the rapidly disappearing cowboy life. His goal: to recreate a frontier atmosphere without the gitz and glam of the Wild West shows. The pragmatist Weadick convinced Calgary cattle barons George Lane, Alfred Cross, Archie McLean and Patrick Burns (soon to be known as "The Big Four") to each plunk down \$25,000 to turn his dream into reality.

Using cameras gathered through years of travel, Weadick put out the word that Calgary was staging a world-class frontier pageant. At the time, the city was a study in contrast: The thin-gentry Palliser Hotel, one of the tallest buildings west of Toronto, was taking shape while just a few blocks away Indians camped at recess and cowboys rode their horses down Eighth Avenue. Since there were no highways into the city, many Stampede visitors arrived on horseback and by foot. Thousands of people came from as far away as Winnipeg, took advantage of discounted "Stampede trains" put on by the Canadian Pacific Railway to sit in the six days of festivities. After local hatchet reached their capacity, tent cities sprung up on river banks and in vacant lots.

The success of the first Stampede helped



Guy Weadick, with his trick rope rider wife Anna LaDue (below), became a creator of what eventually became the Stampede in 1912. Weadick persuaded four Calgary cattle barons (on the inaugural program cover, right) to finance the first show.



turn it into an annual event. In 1923, the rodeo merged with the Calgary Industrial Exhibition, an annual agricultural fair dating back to 1886, and Weadick introduced several new wranglers that have since become part of the Stampede fabric. He encouraged local businesses to erect hitching posts and other frontier facades, convinced ordinary Calgarians to dress up in cowboy garb, and launched the now ubiquitous pancake breakfast. But perhaps the most inspired idea of all was the chuckwagon race, a contest Weadick believed would be "the greatest race



...the greatest race in the world."

Chuckwagons—converted Army supply wagons outfitted with a cook's stove and water barrel—were an integral part of the cattle drives of the late 19th century. Cross-loading back from roundups often meant their chucking checks for the last half mile into town. The door of the nearest saloon marked the finish line and the losers treated the winners in a round of drinks. Weadick's vision has evolved into a mighty spectacle of nine hours of horse-drawn wagons and chuckers racing around a track—often referred to as "the half-mile of hell"—in pursuit of championship titles and a prize purse totaling \$600,000. The five-day狂放 analogy at age 90, Weadick, the pack's happiest owner in such a crowded field in a decidedly less than friendly world, since the 1950s, has seen herculean efforts turn the lines of three competitors and several hours. It remains the Stampede's most popular—and controversial—single event.

Weadick ran the Stampede until 1932 when he had a bitter falling out over cuts to the prize money. At the closing ceremony that year, Weadick, who had been drinking, belched at the crowd: "I'll eat your first Stampede and I just put on your last." Subsequently sick, Weadick sold his wrangler interests—and won. The judge, ruling that Weadick was a part of his job as a promoter, awarded Weadick his monthly salary and legal costs. But

Chuckwagon racing, in which three people have died in the past 30 years, remains the Stampede's most popular event.

Weadick remained estranged from the Stampede until 1952 when he rode in the second parade as an honored guest. He died a year later and was buried in High River, Alta., where his modest grave marker reads "Guy George Weadick, Founder of the Calgary Stampede and beloved of his adopted town."

There is nothing modest, though, about Weadick's legacy. Dubbed "Christians in July" by grateful city members, the Stampede has grown into a 10-day blow-off, one which attracts more than 1.2 million people and last year pumped more than \$140 million into the local economy. In a city known for its drive-on agriculture, the Stampede is a time when employees are encouraged to break away from work and indulge in an all-day bacchanal at a seemingly endless round of barbecue, luncheon and late-night parties where boozey brawls freely and two-step country music is inescapable. None of this, of course, has much to do with what Weadick set out to create nine decades ago. Even so, the thousands who gather for the afternoon rodeos and evening chuckwagon races get a glimpse of the Wild West that Weadick so cherished. At times like that, the Greatest Outdoor Show On Earth will live up to its billing.

Give your son the best start. Grade 6 through 12.

To receive our free catalog, please contact the Admissions Office:

Toll-Free: 1-800-274-5255
Tell Page 31 for stamp
Mobile: www.scar.org
Email: Scar@scar.org

scents & sibilities

A Special Message for Maclean's Subscribers

Occasionally, mailed copies of Maclean's include fragrance inserts, strips as a service to our advertisers. If you'd prefer not to receive these strips as a part of your subscription, simply contact Subscriber Services and we'll make sure your copies are "fragrance-free."

Subscriber Services

Toll-free:
1-888-MACLEANS
(3-888-422-5326)
E-mail:
service@macleans.ca



DESPERATE JOURNEY

'The On to Ottawa Trek' ended in the Regina Riot

PULLING DOWN THE BILL of his hat, Jack Geddes stepped against the Prairie Wind. Periodic stop-and-go noise of a moving train, Geddes could just make out the Alberta foothills. Beyond them, through the dark, black smoke belching from the steam engine, lay the snow-capped Rockies. Fully hungry, the 18-year-old had his back to the house's front doorway, covered himself with his father's gray blanket and let the rocking train pull him to sleep. Two days to Vancouver, he thought. And if relief couldn't be found there, well, there were always the "slope canes."

It was 1932 and Canada was in the 19
lentless grip of the Great Depression. The
country's lifeflood—exports of natural re-
sources like wheat, lumber, fish and mineral

—had all but dried up, plummeting in value from \$11.2 billion in 1929 to \$376 million. More than one out of five people working with could find any pay. Prime Minister R. B. Bennett's Conservative government initially responded to the crisis in 1930 with \$30 million for public works projects. Although small for the time, but not nearly enough. Fear of nomadic hobos causing stirring up the wandering unemployed prompted Bennett to establish relief camps, later called slave camps by those who lived there. Run by the Department of National Defence, the camps became powerful symbols of Ottawa's lack of concern for the unemployed. In June, 1933, more than 1,000 of these desperate men set out from B.C. to confront Bennett in the nation's capital. Fearing a snowballing rebellion, the government walloped the On-to-Ottawa Trek in Saskatchewan and, on the July 1 holiday, crushed it in what became known as the Regina Riot, the major violent episode of the Great Depression. One man died and more than 300 were injured.

The Diefenbaker offered little hope for too many. There was no unemployment insurance, no medical coverage, no old age pension. "There were no jobs and we weren't needed," says 85-year-old George Usselman, whose 16-year-old in 1933 left his Temisk, B.C. home to eke the bread on his parents. "We'd come home at noon, and they'd run you out."

DATE	DESCRIPTION	AMOUNTS
052802	Bring this cheque into Rogers Video and we will take \$30 off the retail price of any Rogers ATT Wireless Phone. Hurry, offer expires August 4, 2002.	\$30.00
	PLUS	
	Buy a Phone, get a FREE \$100 Movie Bonus Pack. See store or Rogers.com/video for details. Rogers Video offers the best deal on Rogers ATT Phones in Canada.	

Number 1340773

ERS

ROGERS
VIDEO

\$30.00 Towards the retail price of one Rover's AT&T Wireless phone.

Year Mother Day 02/08/04 Session date 02/08/04 Pay Electricity \$ 30.00 CASHIER: NANCY BROWN

111

R

What Does Your Future Hold?

EXCLUSIVE UNIVERSITY RANKINGS | ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS

The Maclean's Guide to Canadian Universities 2002

Edited by Ann Dowsett Johnston

Profiles of 88 schools
The Princeton Report
Campus Confidential
Most Popular Programs
Faculty Power
Co-ops and Internships
International Student Profile



Choosing a university can be one of the most important decisions you'll ever make. Don't make it alone.

The Maclean's Guide to Canadian Universities 2002 has everything you need to select from this country's wide array of schools, including:

- Profiles of 88 schools
- Average entering grades
- Most popular majors
- What's hot, what's not on campus
- Residence and meal options
- Tuition and scholarship information
- Co-op and internship opportunities

You get all this, plus Maclean's exclusive university rankings, which evaluate schools based on resources, reputation and more. Edited by Ann Dowsett Johnston, a four-time National Magazine Award-winner, Maclean's university guide is ideal for both students and concerned parents. Find it on newsstands everywhere.

GET YOUR COPY TODAY

- Look for displays at Chapters, Coles, Indigo, Great Canadian News and Relay Airport stores
- Call 1-800-301-4414 or in Quebec (438) 696-3492 (outside Reservation Code D22UNMME2)
- Order online at <http://www.macleans.ca/2002guide>



Maclean's

www.macleans.ca

ROGERS

Rogers Communications Inc.
User-Optin Service

History | >

allowance. For the men, the 20 cents settled their belief they were working in slave camps. While authorities prohibited any attempt to form unions, the harsh lifestyle ironically gave organizations like the Communist Party of Canada a vibrant and receptive audience. "These men were just like any of us," says Bill Waiser, author of *Rock Pressure*, a book about how Canada's uranium parks were used as work camps. "They wanted jobs, they wanted a house and a family. Putting the men in camps, you focus their discontent. That is one of the communists who say, 'You're being exploited.'

Still a prospector member of the Communist Party, 93-year-old Robert "Doc" Savage of Quesnel, B.C., can recall who came up with the idea to take their demands to Bennett's desk in Ottawa. Savage simply remembers organizing 300 men on the morning of June 3, 1935, and leading them — along with more than 1,000 others — onto the boulevard and out of Vancouver's rail yard, marching the union banner. Half the first, for we are strong. Union men are strong. Strike by strike we battle onward. Victory will come. "We were young," says Geddes, who grew up in Calgary but now lives in White Rock, B.C. "We were going to Ottawa and we were going to lay our problems at the feet of R.B. Bennett."

People along the way prepared a welcome at nearly every stop. The local press called the miners "our boys" and supporters, who identified with their status, generously endorsed them. And in most stops, more single unemployed men joined onto the boulevard and joined the journey.

Orions believed the protest would run out of steam before the marchers. But when they were deterred from the Rockies via Calgary, Bennett's home styling, the prime minister prepared for a confrontation. Considering to risk the political fallout of a Calgary showdown, Bennett decided to drive the line in Regina. On June 14, the 90-car freight rolled into the Queen City. After the marchers disengaged to stretch their legs, Bennett bundled them from getting back on the train. For some in the hags, the rock wouldinkle out powerfully, the prime minister invited a contingent of officers, including Savage, to meet with him in Ottawa. Eight of the leaders sat down with him for an hour on June 22, but the tone of the meeting was bel-



One policeman died and more than 100 people were injured during the riot in Market Square.

ligent and ended in bitter failure.

Returning to Biegles, Savage and the leaders faced new challenges. Their transportation had been cut off, the exits to the city blocked and rumours so bad that a relief camp was being prepared to house them all. Recognizing defeat, the strike leaders promised to disband provided they could leave Regina. The RCMP refused, insisting the men place the 2,000 men were going to a specially prepared camp in Lumsden, 25 km northeast of Regina.

On July 1, after hours of bitter discussions with local officials, the march leaders called a meeting. That evening, between 1,200 and 2,000 people filed Regina's Market Square. Most, though, were tearfully with their families observing the local drama on the holiday Monday. As for the strike, most of them were watching a baseball game in another part of the city. More than 300 RCMP officers in riot gear were concealed in large meeting vans packed on three sides of the square, with another 30 nearby on horses. Dozens of local police waited in a garage right off the square.

As one of the leaders took the stage and began to speak, a whoosh blew. Using baseball bats and billy clubs, the police waded into the crowd. "They opened the door and out they came beating the hell out of us," remembers Geddes. "They chased us all over town." RCMP threw teargas into Market Square to break up the crowd and the riot spliced into adjoining streets. A pitched battle raged for more than three hours. At one point, several people set upon a plainclothes policeman and beat him to death. Late into the night, as about 300 rioters cornered a small group of

police, the commanding officer ordered his men to fire over the crowd's heads. Seventeen people were wounded, including five Regina residents. By morning, among the more than 100 people sent to hospital were 40 police. "The amount of people I saw with their heads bashed in was terrible, really terrible," recalls Geddes.

The march had been crushed and some of its leaders arrested. But the severity of the riot sobered both protesters and government. The children were allowed to return home or the B.C. relief camps. Biegles, blunting the riot as a conservationist, endorsed an inquiry that while visited the authorities of any wrongdoing. According to Waiser, a University of Saskatchewan history professor, "In truth, it wasn't police-provided riot. They used a peaceful meeting and the people fought back."

Biegles, however, did not escape the fallout. In the fallout, the election campaign three months after the Regina Riot, the prime minister proposed radical reforms, including health and unemployment insurance as well as a minimum wage. But it was too late. In October, 1935, William Lyon Mackenzie King soundly defeated Biegles.

Less than a year later, a federal investigation concluded that maintaining the relief camps was no longer "in the best interests of the state." After housing 170,000 men over 3½ years, they were closed. But for many of the homeless men who lived in them and took part in the protest, the task had provided a purpose. "We were pretty militant, but we had a reason to be," says MacLennan. "If you were going hungry in the richest country in the world you would have done it too."



EVERY YEAR, CANADA becomes more individual, more concentrated in its largest cities, further from its rural past. According to the census, that is, you'll be hard-pressed to know it from Canadian literature. To a remarkable extent, our stories are still rooted in that past, in smaller communities and dominant cultures. That's true for major works from major writers—canonist *Clara Callan* by Richard Wright, the novel of 2001—as well as for fiction by newcomers. Among recent works from less established authors, the runaway hit is Mary Lawson's *Crow Lake*, set in an isolated fishing settlement in northern Ontario. Other heralded books include *State of Big Harlow* by Lynn Coady (Cape Breton Island), Lisa Moore's

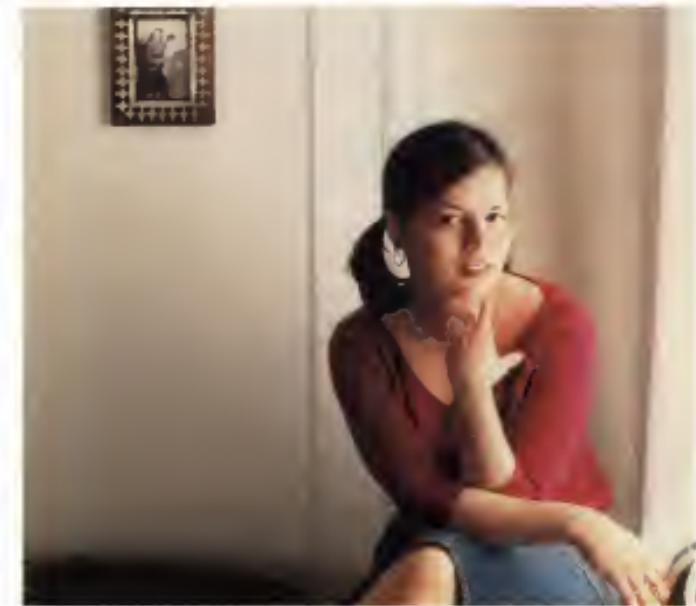
UNFORGOTTEN COUNTRY

New Canadian fiction still draws from a past quickly fading into myth

Open (St. John's) and—an exception that proves the rule—Nancy Lee's *Dear Girls* (Vancouver). Canadian love literary fiction—our best-seller this year—reveals a demand for it rarely matched elsewhere—and we love it best amid sole but mighty, set in hard times or hard places.

A mythic feel is one key to the success of

Crow Lake (Knopf). Another is that Karen, 56, who has lived in England since 1968, is an avuncular reviser who spent years on it. The fruit of her efforts is a mesmerizing read. It's narrated, in past and present voices, by Kate Morrison, a 36-year-old University of Toronto sociology professor who has fallen in love with a colleague. That unexpected emotional awakening, the first of her adult life, combines with an invitation to her nephew's 18th-birthday party in *Crow Lake* to force Kate to re-examine troubled memories. Her parents died 19 years earlier, their car crushed by a logging truck. They had been out shopping for a suitcase for their oldest child, 19-year-old Luke, to take to teaching college. The first Morrison children—



Lessons *Crow Lake* contains a longer tale with immense narrative power, while *Coady* laps into the rich vein of East Coast literary tradition.

Luke, 17-year-old Matt, seven-year-old Kate and mother Bo—iron grif-strikers, close to penitence and faced with breaking up the family among several equally hard-pressed relatives.

Lake, who never really cared much about becoming a teacher, simply reaches across years and decades to stay in *Crow Lake*, working whatever he can to support the younger children. He decides that Matt, the rest beaten by the Morrison's, will have the honour of being the first of the hard-scrabble farming family to achieve a higher education. By keeping the children together, Luke's plan rescues Kate from the edge of a breakdown. Matt is the one who has always made her feel safe and

protected, the one who takes her to the pond near their home where, in a fit of rage or lust, Bo, but an 18-month old does not know this. The northern setting is mythic and often more reminiscent of the 1880s than the 1980s (Government involvement in the spruce's lives is impossibly minimal, and the cultural milieu—Protestantism, with occasional Catholic outbursts supplied by the more emotional Protestant men—it part *Saints of a Little Town*).

These flaws, though, only make *Lake*'s achievement all the more impressive. Of the sounds nowhere must weave together—myth, language, structure, characters, setting—*Crow Lake*



Lee's stories are haunted by absence

shows strong evidence only of the first two. But Lawson's narrative gift, spiced in equal, simultaneous prose that never detracts from the story, is so intense that it overwhelms everything else. Her novel's word-of-mouth success is a tribute to the power of old fashioned storytelling.

Lis Moore's *Open (Anata)* is stylistically a mirror opposite. Far from the stodgy and insipid ramblings that Lawson provides, in her main, Moore, 36, offers the disjoined ramble, when dashing insights or feelings are captured while no one else notices what's going on. Her female characters have a lot of trouble with men, but they're not anti-male. One woman, in fact, is shown analyzing by grief, shrewdly but efficiently conveyed by the writer, her dead husband. Nor are the men evil or unfeeling. But they are, emotionally speaking, thick as bricks—at least in comparison to the women, who sense everything. And they all do this noticing, this oblique collecting

of movement and colour (it comes as no surprise to learn Moore used to work as an art critic), in pursuit of something they know is transient by its nature. "There's no way," continues a mother watching her daughter absorbed in play, "to keep this moment in the present."

Moore's talent is staggering, her images arresting, her dialogue, particularly between men and women, render-to-the-eye sharp. (A wife in a troubled marriage to her husband: "From now on, if I say I love you, I'm speaking out of habit.") There isn't a weak story in the book, which *The Way the Light Is* and *Melody* are gentle precursors, signals a major new presence in Canadian literature.

The linked short stories in Nancy Lee's *Dead Girls* (McGillivray & Stewart) are more easily visualized as novels-in-story. Lee, 31, is a thoroughly modern, and

her writing is set at the gritty here and now of Vancouver. E-mail plays a large role in "Associated Press," a tale of false intimacy created by advanced communication. The narrator is torn between a journalist lover, who reports from the Third World on human rights atrocities, and a local boy, who plays 800M games with her. She finds she can't cope with the reporter's social consciousness, and responds to his e-mailed photos of mass genocides with stories of "local atrocities" like a "tearoom cult in the shape of insects." But the problem doesn't lie in his politics—in the end, as always, it's disease that kills.

The exact collision is haunted by absence, by the absence of women who have gone missing from the city's downtown landscape, though the pieces were written before the recent disappearance of a Port Coquitlam pig farm. In the title story, a mother and father are almost destroyed by losing their daughter to drugs and prostitution, and soon, they fear, to death. Lee's stories can be embarrassing, yet they are redempted by a bittersweetness in her writing, a sympathetically imagined depiction of hope and desire.

Lynn Costley, 33, is another Vancouver writer, but her imagination still dwells in the Cape Breton island of her childhood. She too is a strong Canadian whose first novel, *Strange Haven*, was shortlisted for a Governor General's Award in 1998. She's back this again with *Sailor of Big Harbour* (Doubleney), trapping into the rich vein of East Coast storytelling tradition with its quirky rhythms and dry humour. A tragicomic tale of sibling team and pathetic sibling act in 1942, *Sailor* features characters who embody in array of shiffling, Mafusian stereotypes that would appall even Stephen Harper.

Absurd, and the violence it provokes, is the thread that connects almost everyone. But Costley effectively uses her two main characters, a fatherless 16-year-old named Guy Beaton and his uncle Badore Asacon—a black hole of surliness who destroys everyone around him—to subvert all the clichés. Hard-hack Guy, beset by girls, seemingly uninterested by his uncle and pursued by a false charge of sexual assault, vanishes into every fulfill imaginable—but he keeps trying us a world where everyone else has given up, and his courage brings him to a hopeful end. □



Getting ahead by more than a degree

The tradition is degree or diploma... Now applied degrees offer a new way to learn, a new way to deliver what employers want, and a new path to career success. Even better, an applied degree adds extra value to your education – the targeted, practical, technical strengths of a college and the theoretical foundations of a four-year bachelor's degree – under one roof.

Extra benefits • Valuable work experience before graduation • Opportunities to pursue graduate studies • The skills and knowledge employers want – in Canada and around the world • More opportunities for rapid career advancement. These new College programs meet rigorous Ontario Ministry standards and open doors to even better learning and career opportunities.

Find out more

www.applieddegrees.ca

CENTENNIAL
COLLEGE

THE CITY
COLLEGE
GEORGE EDEY

GEORGIAN

NUMBER
COLLEGE

Seneca

Sheridan

Elliot Lake Retirement Living

an incredible place...an exceptional price...

Retirement is a time for relaxation, comfortable living and worry free leisure. The perfect retirement community should offer both a richly rewarding lifestyle and an affordable living environment. Elliot Lake offers this in addition to an unmatched natural beauty and all of the recreation and leisure activities you desire. Find out for yourself why thousands of retirees have chosen Elliot Lake for their retirement and ensured that their greatest adventures still await them.

**APARTMENTS FROM \$354.00
TOWNHOUSES FROM \$435.00
HOUSES FROM \$479.00**

For information or to book a Discovery Tour call 1-800-461-4663
www.retireelliotlake.com

ELLIOt LAKE
retirement living

Film | BRAHMIN JOHNSON



PREMEDITATION POLICE

Spielberg and Cruise team up for an Orwellian tale of oracles and murder

SPIELBERG AND CRUISE. They're the biggest mogul and the brightest star in the Hollywood universe. And in a sense, they're both orphan children of the late American director Stanley Kubrick. It was Kubrick who held Cruise captive on the set of *Eyes Wide Shut* in England for almost two years, and Kubrick who informed Spielberg with the simple words that replaced an AI Artificial Intelligence. Both movies were rated M-17s, and could be viewed as the corporate director's first revenges on Hollywood Now, as if still under his spell, and in a kind of mutual memory program, Cruise and Spielberg join forces for the first time to make *Minority Report*, a futuristic thriller with a Kubrickish chill.

The movie is loosely based on a 1956 short story by science fiction legend Philip K. Dick, whose work has spawned films such as *Blade Runner* and *Total Recall*. Spielberg has described *Minority Report* as his attempt at film noir, and from the filmmaker with the most elaborate Peter Pan complex on the planet, it certainly makes a shift in mood. Spielberg has outbid his sentimental excesses, though not entirely, to create a film of stark surfaces, with much of the colour drained from the footage. In fact, this vision of the future is so blancheted that it's not so much film now as film bleu.

Meanwhile, after an arduous patch, Cruise has found a role that fits. As a grueling voyeur in *Eyes Wide Shut*, he was required to spend long hours in emotional torment, something he doesn't do well. In *Minority Report*, he was just a high-priced statistic with a good hair cut. And in *Ride with Me*, he was left to drown in his own vanilla virility. But *Minority Report*, which unfolds like a sci-fi version of *The Fugitive*, allows Cruise to do what he does best—play an intensely focused man on the run, a human vector in a tight-wound plot. And perhaps because Spielberg is powerful enough to

stand up to him, his performance is more committed than usual.

It's the year 2054 in Washington, D.C. Murder has been eliminated from the city. John Anderton (Cruise) heads up the justice department's "Pre-Crime" unit, which arrests culprits before they kill. He presides over a crew of "Pre-Cogs," ones who float in a liquid suspension chamber, and whose dreams are downloaded as visual imagery. Like a symphony conductor, Anderton stands before a parabolic screen and manipulates the images with fingertip arrows. Once he locates the time and place of the future murder, aerial teams swoop down on the would-be perpetrator. Anderton, who lost his own son to a violent crime, believes pre-crime justice is infallible—until it predicts that he will murder a stranger in 36 hours. Suddenly, he's a fugitive from his own system. As he tries to evade capture, and prove his innocence, but only hope lies in the tortured psyche of a wad-like pre-cog named Agatha (Surianna Monroe).

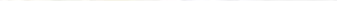
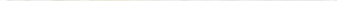
The movie depicts an Orwellian police

state of wall-to-wall surveillance, an automated city where everyone is monitored by surveillance interactive billboards recognize consumers and address them by name. In a Gap store, a hologram greater than the sum of what he has purchased—not so far-fetched when you consider how computers currently stalk consumers through cyberspace. But to create a sense of consumer culture in instant product placement (the Gap, Nokia, Lexus) seems disingenuous, to say the least.

It seems Spielberg wants to have it all. In a bid for artificiai maturity, he shows glimmers of David Lynch and even David Cronenberg—a creepy scene of a hand-surgery (Peter Stormare) doing an eye transplant results Willem Dafoe's surreal shenanigans in *Identity*. Then there are flashes of cold terror worthy of Hitchcock and Bergman, notably one spear-shoving scene with Monroe that Spielberg's man could keep breathing the scene. He indulges in silly, extraneous chase scenes involving cop cars and jackknives. And like a dutiful parent, the script tends to spell out the obvious. It also embellishes Dahl's story with the dead-child narrative (Morgan Saylor) and reverses the intent of his ending. Weighing in at 145 minutes, *Minority Report* is one fat silent movie—from a showman who can't take his eye off the majority still, it's getting staff. Kubrick would be proud.



Cruise (with Monroe) finds his feet again: playing an intensely focused man on the run



PAINTINGS ROOTED IN THE LAND

Shows on the Group of Seven in the West and Tom Thomson are summer stunners

THEY WERE ROMANTICS, idealists and Canadian nationalists before such a notion existed. And while the founding members of the Group of Seven painters were all based in Toronto, their vision of this country, and the inspiration for their art, lay elsewhere. In 1920 they took root in Ontario's rugged north country, where the windswept forests, lakes and forests seemed something in their collective soul. Soon enough, the artists were travelling further afield, to the Prairies, the Rockies,

the West Coast and the far North. Here, they found a canvas broad enough to accommodate their ambitions.

The sheer volume of work the Group of Seven did in Western Canada and the Arctic is astonishing. Over their lifetimes, the founding members—Frederick Gathorne-Hardy, Lawren Harris, A.Y. Jackson, Frank Johnston, Arthur Lismer, J.E.H. MacDonald and F.H. Varley—along with the three other artists (A.J. Casson, L.L. Hagestad and Edwin Holgate) who later

joined the group, created more than 80,000 sketches, prints, watercolours and oil paintings inspired by their experience of these parts of Canada. They returned, time and again, to a region they repeatedly described in journals and correspondence as “paradise” and “the promised land.” Some even chose to make the West their home, most notably Varley, who left Toronto in 1936 to head up the department of drawing and painting at Vancouver’s new School of Art and Design, and

Clockwise from top left opposite: Ulmer's *Cathedral Mountains*, Filzendorf's *Pritchard's Fence*, Harris's *Mountain Forest*, Holgate's *Indians*, Mount, Skeena River; Holsten's *Elephant's Head* and MacDonald's *Morning, Lake O'Hara*.



in his total but brilliant career, Thomson (left) found inspiration in the unending splendour of Ontario's Algoma Provincial Park, painting such bold and colourful works as (clockwise from top left) *The Jack Pine*, *Early Spring*, *The River and Summer Day*, influencing the artists who formed the Group of Seven.

Harris, who moved to the same city in 1940 and stayed until his death 30 years later.

Yet for all of that, the artists who co-founded as the Group of Seven in 1920 and disbanded 12 years later are typically thought of as Central Canadians, with their waterscapes never really considered in any depth. Until now, that is.

On July 13 (until Oct. 14), Calgary's Glenbow Museum will unveil *The Group of Seven's Western Canada*, a visually stunning exhibition of nearly 200 works spanning the years 1914 to the mid-1950s. Among the highlights: the mountain art inspired by the Rockies, where almost all the Group members hiked and painted. Varley's impasto on the West Coast, where he captured the seductive beauty of many coastal lakes and open meadows, and Jackson's evocative washes in southern Alberta, which provided valuable renderings of the rolling prairie, coulees and badlands that define the expansive landscape.

Coincidentally, the Glenbow show starts a few weeks after the opening of a major retrospective on the work of Tom Thomson at the National Gallery of Canada in Ottawa (June 7-Sept. 8). Thomson was a friend and role model for several members of the Group of Seven. He introduced them to the unending splendour of Algoma Provincial Park, 230 km north of Toronto, where Thomson worked as a fishing guide and fur-trap ranger while backpacking on a head, but brilliant, career as a painter. His bold use of colour, brushwork and texture opened up a new way of seeing the land. In 1917, at the age of 29, Thomson drowned in Algonquin's Canoe Lake, but his influence on the arts and colleagues who formed the Group of Seven three years later endures. "He was the guide, the interpreter and the gaoler," said a Y Jackson spot-billing of Thomson's unwritten devise. "My debt to him is almost that of a new world, the north country and a true artist's vocation."

The Calgary and Ottawa exhibitions—both of which embark on cross-country tours after they wrap up at their host cities this fall—reflect what was a central concern for all of these painters: art rooted in the land can help define a nation. This is true even when their creations bear little resemblance to the landscape that inspired them. After settling in Vancouver, Harris began increasingly to paint abstractions. Works such as *Mountain Experience I* (1946) and *Nature Rhythms* (1958) are, in the artist's own words, attempts to depict nature in a "more expressive, moving and cleansing" fashion than by representation. It's instructive to know that Harris continued to hike in the Rockies well into the 1950s, trips that clearly influenced his spirit and informed his art. Like original explorers, Harris and his colleagues knew the truth was out there, in the farthest reaches of Canada. That's a truth, a little of that truth, and beauty, has been captured forever.

"I feel different now—today, I'm thinking of going places": VANCOUVER, JUNE 12

In a Vancouver courthouse, at 2 p.m., 80 people from 16 nations simultaneously recited the Oath of Citizenship. Among them was Shabnam Hosseini, 23, whose father, Ali, and mother, Marziy Hormed, own a downtown deli.

I AM FROM THE SOUTH OF IRAN. WE came to Canada in 1997. My parents were thinking of moving to some other place for so long. They had counted here—they talked to them and that's how they decided to move to Canada. Everything they were looking for was in Canada.

I was nervous because I was moving without knowing what to expect. It was a big change, but I am happy now. At the beginning, yes, the language was hard. I could not watch TV. I could not answer the phone. I could not talk to anyone. I was in school and then I left to get married in Iran. While I was gone my parents became citizens. I'm going back to school soon to study business management.

My husband is waiting for his visa. Hopefully it will not be longer than a few months. In less he is an engineer of agricultural biogenetics. I am waiting for him to come to Canada and then we can start our new life. We haven't married as other people do after they get married—we did not make our home. That is my next step in life. I'm going to finish my studies and then apply for a job. At the deli? No, they don't pay good.

I feel different now. I like to travel and I know with my Canadian passport I can travel almost anywhere in the world I want. That's a good feeling I have. I know I can vote now, but I'm not thinking about that. Not today. Today, I'm thinking of going places. □



09 JUNE
IT'S HOT THE SAME IF IT'S HOT CANADIAN
NET THE GENUINE ARTICLE
HERO & CANADIAN MAGAZINE
FOR HUNDREDS OF TITLES VISIT WWW.HERO-ONLINE.CA

24



People | Hey, it's the guy from the Philosopher Kings

At first Joni Jervis Church seems a bit pretentious. He introduces himself as Javis, even though up until this point in his music career—as lead singer of the Philosopher Kings—he's gone by his real name, Gerald Eaton. And while discussing his debut solo CD, *Shake It Off*, he talks about his “art” and “growing as an artist.”

But behind the rock-star shades is an interesting guy-born in Jamaica, the youngest of five siblings, has a political science degree and co-produced Nelly Furtado's record-breaking debut *��*. *Wise, Nelly! Or Shake It Off*, Church/Eaton, 36, says, it's “capping off” his “Marky, Martin Cape, Prince” and a guy he discovered only three months ago. “I’m the last

person to ever get into *Bad Brains*,” he says, sitting in my basement and listening to “*Rebel Yell*” from *Rebel Yell*. “That when you’re 34.”

On the back of the CD, Javis was born Johnny and Marvin added the “i” to Guy. But Javis Church is a far cry from Gerald Eaton. “I didn’t know anyone knew my personal name,” he says. “It’s always been, ‘Hey, it’s the guy from the Philosopher Kings.’ ” And there’s some honour behind the moniker. Javis Church refers to the two men in Toronto that he lived between—the former known for its gay population, the latter for its hookers. All in all, not exactly presentable.

Diversions | Molly Johnson

The Toronto-based singer has a new CD, *Another Day*, and is currently on a Canadian tour. Here's what's on her space-time:

MUSIC: MARY MARGARET O'HARA Apartment Number 9. “She’s mad-metic for humor and they caused her to make a little record. It’s precious.”

TV: CORONATION STREET “The acting is great. It’s the entitlements of the American soap. I watch it on a little black and white TV stuck up in my office with a cup of tea. How unfriendly that is.”



Music | Mixed reviews

THE VAMPS: *Mighty Evolution*

(RCA, July 10)

The Vamps of *Rock of Ages* are more changing hands more frequently than wrestling belts these days. The Vamps are this week's pretenders. The hype for this, the dubious effort from the Australian quartet, has been relentless, with one British music rag declaring them the “perfect synthesis of The Beatles and Nirvana.” They sound more like Offspring meets the Modest Mouse. Mighty Evolution was wilfully grungey all the time, a response to pretty neo-psychobilia, unlikely to inspire any revolutionaries, but a welcome departure from sum-slab banality of pop torso.

RALPH STANLEY: *Ralph Stanley*

(Okeh, available)

So, you jumped on the *Mountain* bandwagon, bought the 40 albums, where Artie Traum also said have been already awaiting the next *T-Bone Burnett*-approved bonanza. Well, here it is—a solo project from the country legend’s long career on that soundtrack. The picking and fiddling throughout this collection of mostly 20s and 30s folk songs is gorgeous, but the Stanley’s dandy voice that carries the album. Perkins and God-fearing, he’s driving friends off the cliff with his soulful singalongs.



LINDA THOMPSON: *Fatherly Love*

(Universal, July 30)

It takes a long time to create with this CD of interminably slow, folky songs. But then it took a long time to make. In 1982, Linda and husband Thompson, British folkies themselves, were touring and breeding an. After the split, Linda released one solo album in 1985. Seven years later, she’s back. On *Fatherly Love*, Linda Whitewright sings backup and Thompson makes a cameo with some impressive guitar ricks. It’s the CD’s one unexpected moment is when Darling Linda duets with son Teddy. MENDES BY JONATHON GARDHOUSE AND SAMANTHA CLEARY

THEY'LL NEVER BE NORMAL.

WINNING A GOLD MEDAL HAS THAT EFFECT.

SUPPORT ATHLETES WITH A MENTAL DISABILITY GIVE TO THE 2012 CANADIAN SPECIAL OLYMPICS NATIONAL GAMES IN PRINCE ALBERT SASKATCHEWAN JULY 8 - 14. OR CALL 1-800-868-8168 FOR INFORMATION ABOUT OUR PROGRAMS.



CLOSING NOTES



Life | Jumping through hoops

The small 300-pound woman (plus her little pigtails and appears pasty) "just kick your leg up over the hoop and then pull your body up with your arms." Finally, the instructor, a short five-foot-tall. She is an acrobat in a circus professional and likes to sit on or crawl around the hoop that's hanging from the ceiling. I am six feet taller, nowhere near so fit and want to tell her that when I "look" my leg up, it's called walking. However, reminding myself that I willingly enrolled in circus school, I gingerly throw my leg into the air. I miss. The hoop swings into the back of another student's head. About 45 minutes later, when I am upside down, doing a handstand for the first time in 20 years, I realize I'm having fun.

Billed as an alternative fitness activity,

circus training is no longer just for mavericks. As people grow tired of sit-ups, sit downs and other new traditional forms of exercise, new classes are cropping up such as cardio strip-tease, flancaco dancing, ashtanga yoga and even a one-hour workout based on moves from *Highway to Hell*. At the Toronto School of Circus Arts, owner Decker LaPewerre ("first generation circus") and 14 professionals instruct guide people aged 16 to 55 as they balance on hoops, swing from a trapeze bar, climb seven silk (swallows of fabric) hanging from the 30-m-high ceiling, flip on the trampoline and relax the art of carbo-loading.

Having once been the key to the class sitting on a trapeze swing, I'm told to lie back as far as possible and let go with one

hand. The trick is to catch the opposite cord with my feet and swing in a star shape. "Trust yourself," advises my instructor. It's terrifying and yet, as my feet grip the netting and save me from ploughing to the ground, completely exhilarating.

The day after my first circus class, there isn't a part of my body that isn't ached with pain. I have misaligned knuckles behind my knees and my hands are puffy and raw. My shoulders feel like concrete, the tops of my feet are bright red and my behind bears the imprint of a trapeze bar. Fortunately, these things should clear up in about a week—just in time for my next class.

AMY CARMICHAEL

CLOSING NOTES

Books | What a long, strange trip it's been

The last for writing "hucksters" of amateur historians marshaled a new assault on classical archaeology. Recently, doubts about the field's writerly discipline seem almost tameless. A worthy subject without any interesting research. More than 400 years before modern total Web-fetish, Isaac Asimov's robot had the power to perform brain surgery. When science fiction, the nascent extracted from us, arrived in the West, it was an instantaneous, especially in toxic drugs like Coca-Cola. But, in addition, entrepreneurs profited immensely from treating everything from dental problems to the common cold. The number of patients, entrepreneurs, researchers, and their drug sales to continue in the twentieth century, thereby causing one of the world's most lucrative trades, now worth \$44 billion a year. Connect the dots: a source of inspiration to many filmmakers. One of Shostak's best chapters is a very funny overview of the various conflicts between scholars who like Raymond Firth and a genre-bending campfire and those who believe "we took every last tiny drug for this new god."

BESTSELLERS

Fiction

1. **INHALA** (Cont'd. from p. 12)
2. **THEY WANTED, VIOLENCE** (Cont'd.)
3. **ESCAPE LACE** (Cont'd. from p. 12)
4. **THE HOUSE OF FROTH**
Diana Peterfreund
5. **THE IRISHMAN** (Cont'd.)
6. **ELATION** (Cont'd. from p. 12)
7. **THE HOOP**
Erika J. Carlson and Kristina Kean (Eds.)
8. **TESTAMENT** (Cont'd.)
9. **GET IT ON** (Cont'd. from p. 12)
10. **SHAKESPEARE'S FISH**
Robert Ferguson (Ed.)

Nonfiction

1. **THE FALLS OF BIRAN 1945**
Edmund Murray (Ed.)
2. **LEAPING WHALE** (Cont'd. from p. 12)
3. **WHAT WENT WRONG** (Cont'd. from p. 12)
4. **CHURCHILL** (See review p. 12)
5. **HEADS THROWN BACK** (Cont'd.)
6. **LUCKY WOLF** (Cont'd.)
7. **DEEP WATER** (Cont'd. from p. 12)
8. **GOON** (Cont'd. from p. 12)
9. **MAILED TO THE REAMER**
Robert A. Kroes
10. **THE 1000 LEVEL** (Cont'd. from p. 12)
11. **1000 LEVEL**
Compiled by Broadstreet

Mastermindtoys.com
Ships in Canada and the U.S.
FREE gift-wrapping and gift tags

The world's Canadian online toy store with
Legos, Monopoly and other wooden toys,
Corolle dolls, iMIXX, science kits, a dozen
in book book selections, puppets, arts &
crafts, board games, jigsaw puzzles, board
games, music, software and more.

mastermind .com

Longer Overseas Nanny Agency
www.longernanny.com
1-888-378-8839
email: carpola2001@yahoo.com

Looking for an **OVERSEAS NANNY** to work
as a live-in, caregiver? We specialize in
overseas nannies, fully-trained, bond-
able. Hard-working. To view the many
profiles, visit www.longernanny.org or
email us at carpola2001@yahoo.com. Call
toll free 1-888-378-8839 for a confidential
tele-call or order a free-in congrgee lot online.

Henry's Photo, Video, Digital
www.henrys.com
email: info@henrys.com

Over 4,000 photo,
video, digital and
print products, 90
years in business.
Secure transactions, downloadable &
print options. We ship Canada wide on
a daily basis. Your best Canadian Imaging
Resource.

Sales Tax Refunds

Since 1996, recovery of overpayments in
GST & PST for companies across North
America. We boast on 90% of savings!
Visit www.taxoverservices.com or
call Jerry Penczel 1-800-257-6325.

QC Quality of Course Inc
www.qualityofcourse.com
1-800-267-1829

Want to write? Our unique home study
course shows you how to write well and
how to get your work published. We review
or your first 100 pages are refunded. Ask for
the FREE book that explains it all.

Elliot Lake Retirement Living

Canada's most affordable retirement community
www.elliotlakelife.com
1-800-521-3329

Travelling in Canada? Search in Canada for
accommodation listings, vacancies today,
near town or city. Specific tourist information
entered in long distance.

Solaris Systems Inc
UVA and UVB Phototherapy Equipment

Toll Free: 1-800-351-8357 Anytime

Beats starting from \$54.95/month.
For information, Go to www.solaris.com

1000

months



MUDDLING THROUGH

Whatever you do, don't declare victory. The disease gods don't seem to like that.

I HAVE THIS terrible habit now: I check often. Not looking for anyone in particular, just scanning the tattered details of people's lives and gloaming, ever-so-quiedy, like a kid swishing a toothbrush peek at a solar eclipse, at the cause of death. Heart attack? No problem. Brain aneurysm? Same. Old age—beat of all. For, at the rate of wounding flip— and in the spirit of superstition, which is what this in-no-me feel like personal threats. The threat lurks in the most common cause: seeing 'cancer,' that's my black cat.

People ask how I'm doing now. It's been a year since I finished treatment for Hodgkin's disease, a cancer of the lymph system, and I feel and look better and the news is good. But a few also want to know what I learned, going through all that. They want to expect something profound. I'm afraid I disappoint.

I could talk—have talked—about a renewed faith not only in doctors and finally but in the kindness of strangers. Two winters ago I wrote a column about the cancer, its gradual recurrence after nearly 30 years. Readers wrote back, sending personal stories, encouragement, even especially kind ones. I read them to warm a chemo-bared head. I found all this story-sharing, heartening. Gives "human" a good name.

What else have I learned? Not to declare victory. The disease gods don't seem to like that, they crack down and, with malice delight (I hear giddy in their voices), give it to you again. Or however it happens in my case, I've stopped talking about cures, as I did for all those years. Another superstition—sort of psychological side issue.

But here's something else I've learned—not a lesson, but Yes, as you've no doubt read in other cancer stories, survivors suddenly a presence what's really important, they vow to embrace loved ones and whatever else makes them happy (smell the flowers, etc.), even to take pleasure in

old aches—weak, son, firmly. Because, my own more minor health complaints—see all backs in force, bedeviling as ever, no longer neutralized by the one great worry. I swear at the dinner who cuts me off, rant about the usual idiocies SUVs, Arifit and Shans, Britney Spears. I want to seeem too as kids smoking, talking in training rooms—though I understand living when it's easy even for those who've experienced enough to know better.

But there's no shortage of reminders, lest you forget. If it's not the obits then it's just the word "cancer" flashing out of headlines as if in code. I read the feel-good stories. Safer Romeo returning from treatment to lead the Canadiens in the playoffs series, a stunning 0, a career deficiency from opposing players, and soon they're again hounding him into the boards, which is as it should be—life going on at slaphot speed.

Cancer has come to my wife Nancy, a couple of friends. Nancy's was of a less threatening sort, but cancer all the same. It was a week the day of her operation, again when I received a treatment that left her temporarily giving off gamma rays, necessitating a series of home precautions and a certain taste for absurdity (but when I needed after all the radiation I've had, I'd joke, a radionuclide wife). She's fine now and we're really ready for another.

What have I learned? That you muddle through. That you chose optimism, because it beats the alternative. It's funny, though, in some ways the muddle alternately is easier—purer—than the one that follows. Last August, a couple of weeks after chemo ended, I went water-skiing at a resort in cottage country. My arms and legs were weak and I fell twice before finally getting up and ending the lake. It was a bit embarrassing, less important it seemed, as if I'd earned the heat operation from workers at the Make-A-Wish Foundation. But it was also exhilarating, cleaning, spraying away the grim druggy winter in a mad rush of wind and water and speed that I could still find in that night.

Fact is, things haven't been quite so clear since.

doing for someone else. The rest—the everyday banality—seems instantly trivial, not worth the anger and wear. We've probably done this yourself after some trauma or other, a child's illness or a brush with war or, for that matter, Sept. 11, the species-level threat. Death—or the mere fear of it—spans the ultimate buck-to-basics moment of life.

But I wonder. Time passes, trauma recedes. Take Sept. 11, for it won't be long before we're inundated with one-year-later stories and the supposed lessons learned. George W. Bush learned so much from his government's intelligence screw-ups that he's trying to keep a lid on them, last the system actually be fixed. Remember when U.S. politics were news going to be the same again? Well, that's politics as usual, eyes on the next electoral prize. And remember the death of irony, how comedy was forever changed? We now have binarism dressing as Ovarian/Bin Laden, GIO?

Time passes, life goes on. This too is human, if not always as heartening. My



Bob Loven is executive editor of *McNamee's*. www.mcnames.com

Get what no small business owner can ever have enough of.

More time.



We know that running a small business takes up all of your time. That's why we offer fast and efficient services to promptly address your unique needs. With more branches, longer hours and any-branch banking, you can do your business banking where and when you want. We have dedicated business tellers at many branches to help you get your banking done quickly. And when you need 24/7

*Trade mark of Canada Trust Mortgage Company

access, we have EasyLine® phone banking, EasyWeb® internet banking, ATMs and night depositors. We want to make your small business banking convenient. Because time is money, why not use as much as possible, at TD Canada Trust. To find out more about how we can help make your small business banking more convenient, contact us.

1-800-987-4879 or www.tdcapadvice.com

Banking can be this comfortable

TD Canada Trust



Honda is
always open
to change.

INTRODUCING
THE CIVIC HYBRID.



At Honda, we're committed to developing innovative technology that helps us co-exist in harmony with the environment. In 1972, we led the industry with the development of the CVCC (Compound Vortex Controlled Combustion) system. It was the first to comply with the 1975 U.S. Clean Air Act. Our latest innovation is even more remarkable. The extremely clean-running, fuel efficient Civic Hybrid. Responsible, yet designed to excite the imagination, the Civic Hybrid is the vehicle to take you into the future. It's a change for the better. One we can all live with.

HONDA
The power of dreams.™

www.honda.ca